A POWER COMIC

THE COMIC WITH EVERYTHING!

SMASH! AND POW!

No. 143

26th OCT. 1968

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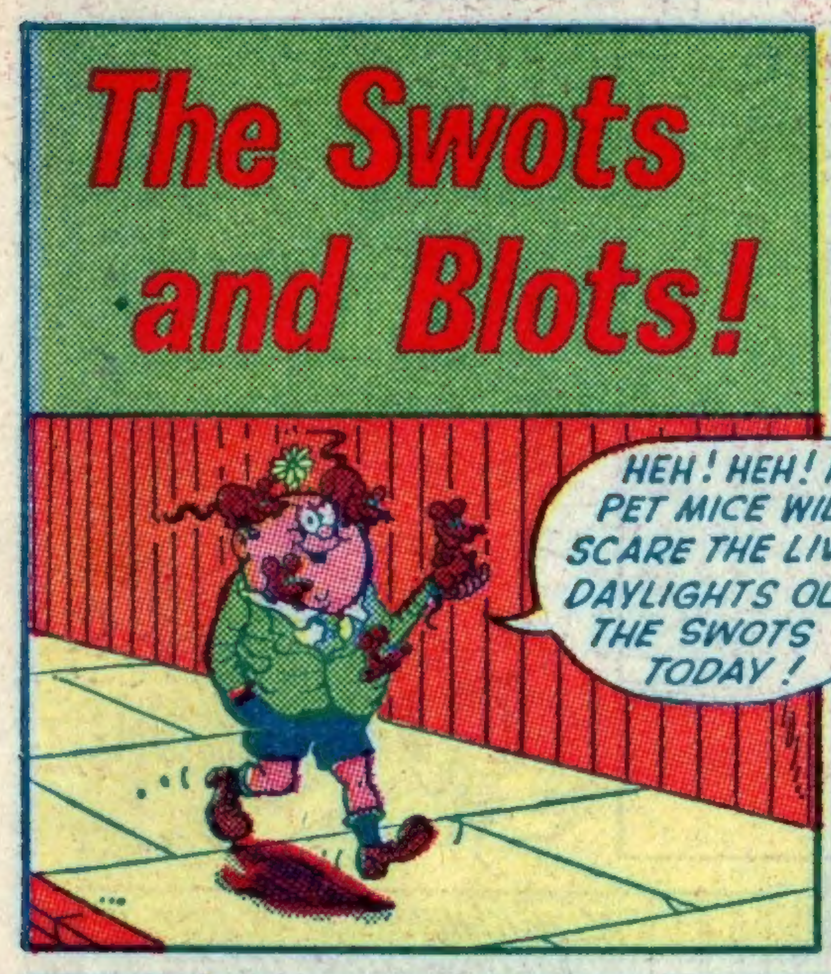
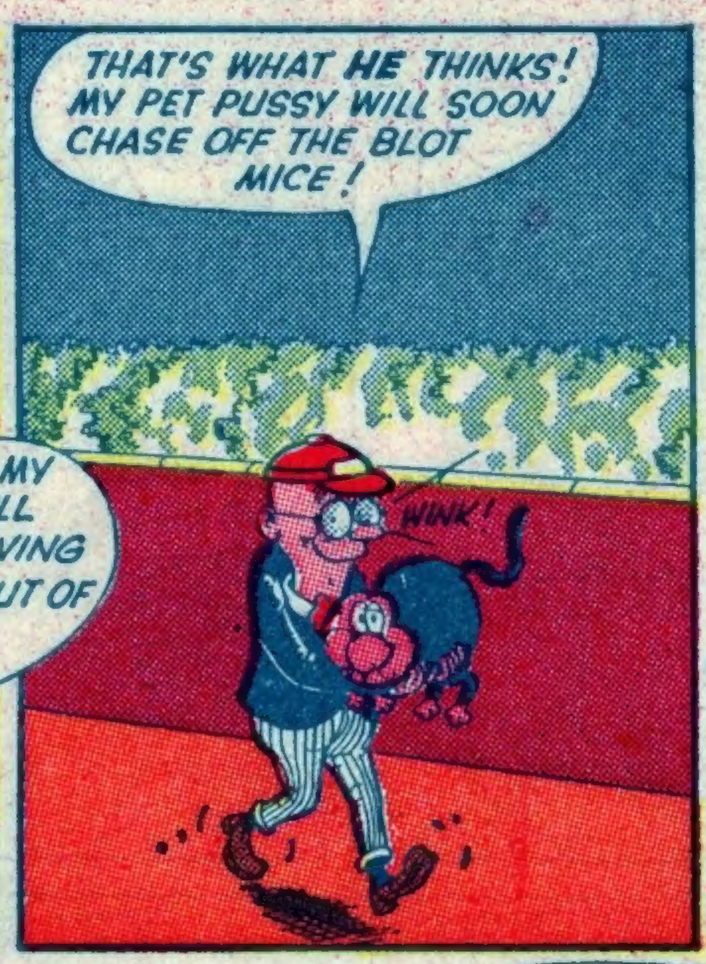
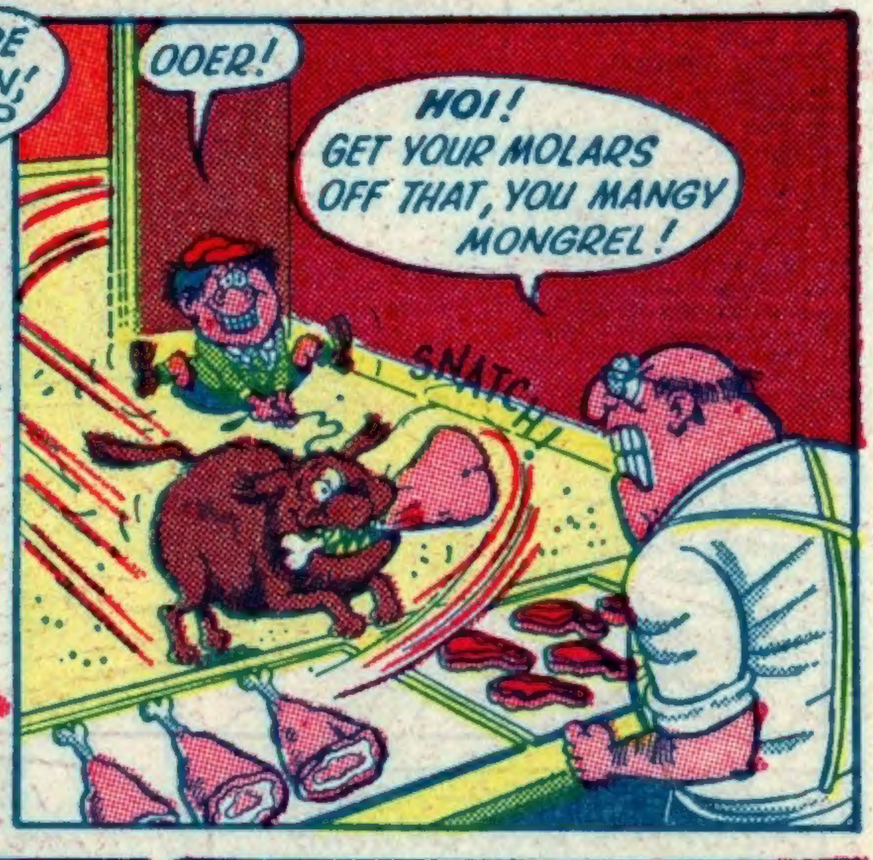
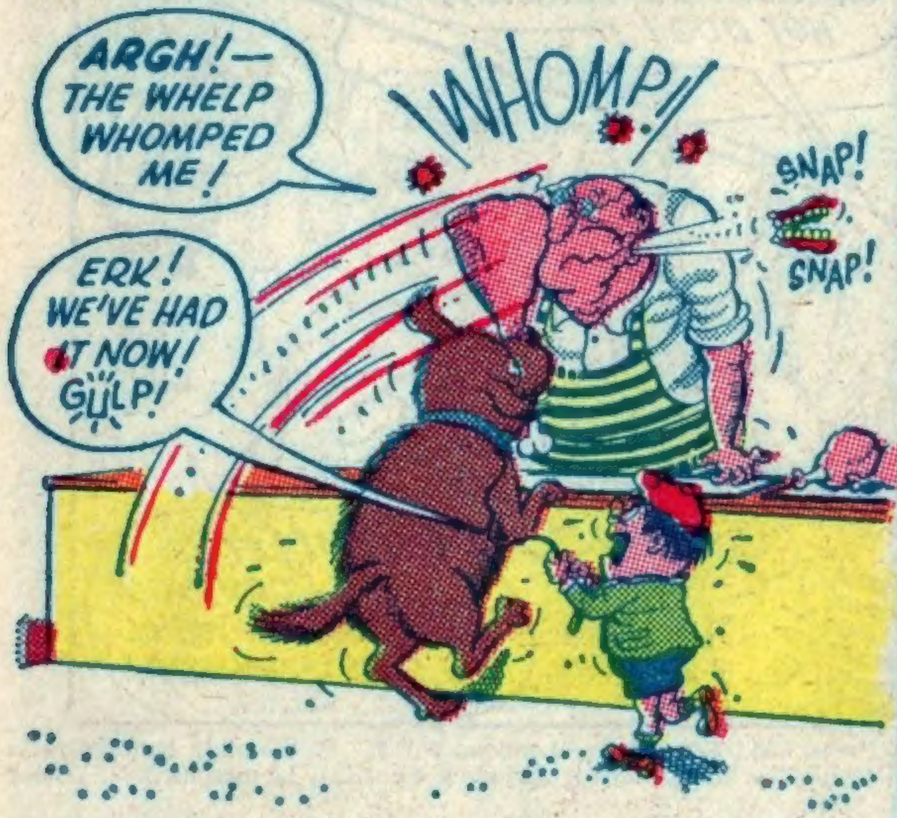
The Swots and Blots!









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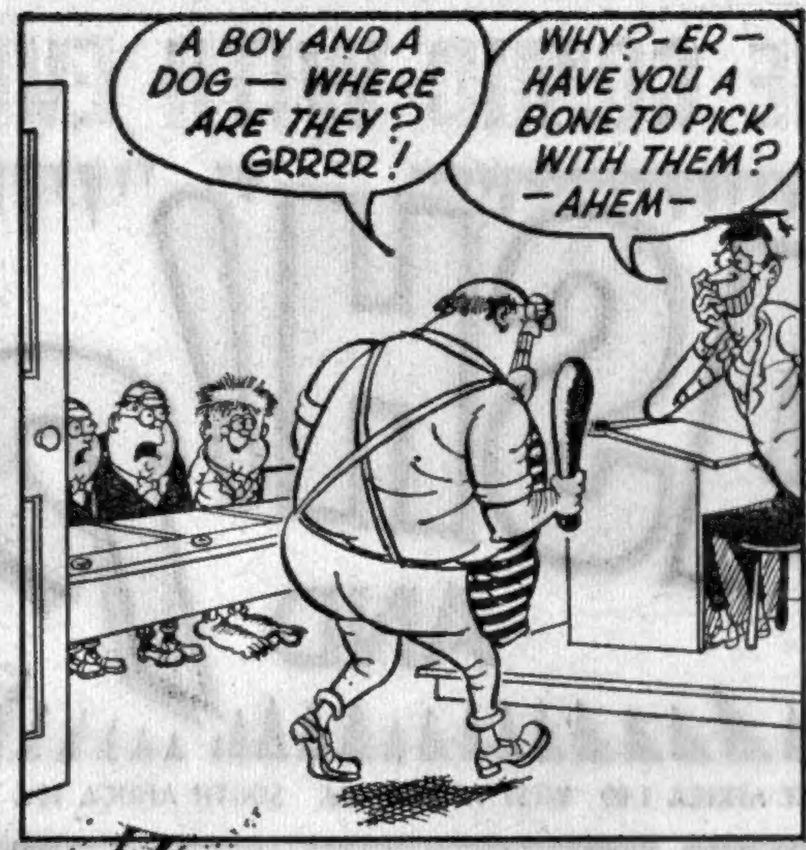

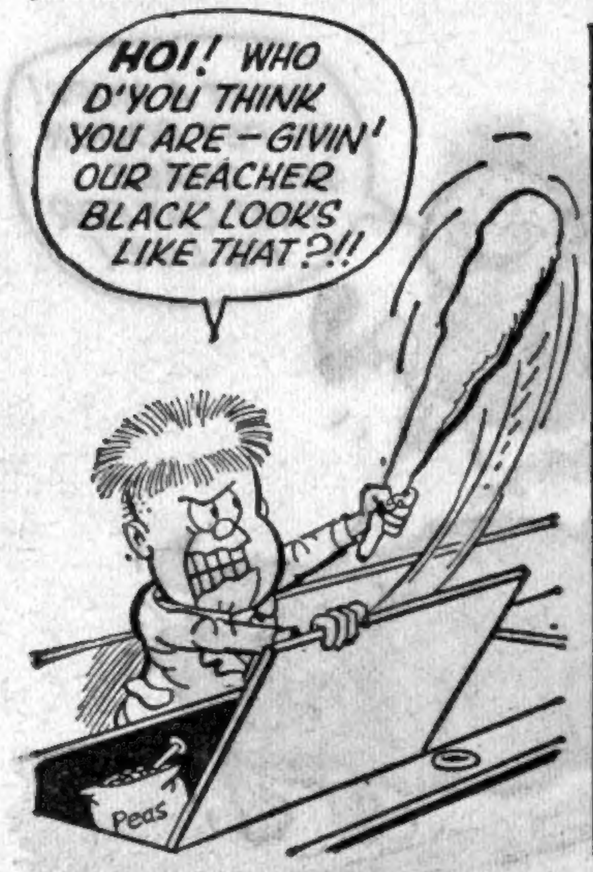

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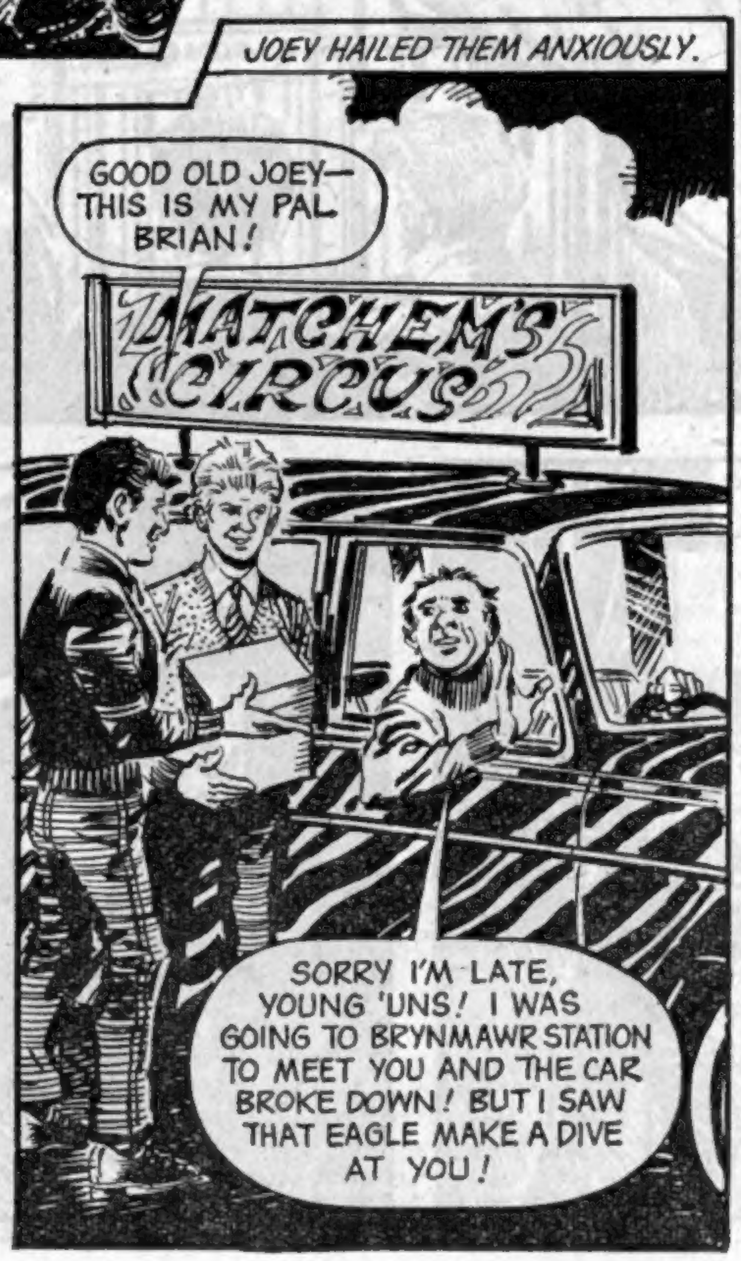
BRIAN'S BRAIN



JOEY TURNS THE CAR OFF THE ROAD.

EVER SINCE THE CIRCUS CAME TO ITS WINTER QUARTERS HERE IN WALES STRANGE THINGS HAVE HAPPENED TO THE ANIMALS— ALMOST AS IF SOME SINISTER POWER WERE MAKING THEM BAND TOGETHER TO PLOT AGAINST HUMANS!

THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE, JOEY!

BRUTUS ISN'T THE FIRST TO GET FREE! BUT HERE COMES MR. MATCHEM AND THE CIRCUS FOLK!

WELCOME TO THE CIRCUS, BOYS!

THE CHEERY GREETINGS OF DUFFY'S UNCLE TURNS TO CONCERN WHEN HE HEARS ABOUT THE EAGLE.

WE'LL HAVE TO WARN THE AUTHORITIES HE'S LOOSE, MR. MATCHEM.

BRUTUS ATTACKED YOU?

SUDDENLY A HARSH-VOICED NEWCOMER SHOULDERS FORWARD.

I AM IN CHARGE OF ALL THE ANIMALS HERE. WHAT IS ALL THIS FUSS?

IT'S VARCO, THE ANIMAL MAN!

YES, I AM HE YOU CALL THE ANIMAL MAN! AND I CALL YOU *FOOLS!*

THAT'S ENOUGH, VARCO!

I GAVE YOU A JOB HERE, VARCO, BECAUSE YOU'RE GOOD AT HANDLING ANIMALS! BUT I WON'T HAVE TROUBLE IN MY CIRCUS. YOU'VE LET BRUTUS ESCAPE!

MY ANIMALS DON'T ESCAPE!

DEFIANTLY, VARCO TURNS TO THE ANIMAL PENS.

THERE IS THE EAGLE!

THEN JOEY MUST HAVE BEEN MISTAKEN! IT MUST HAVE BEEN SOME OTHER BIRD THAT SWOOPED ON YOU BOYS!

DANGER

BUT LATER WHEN THEY ARE HAVING A MEAL.

YOU *WEREN'T* MISTAKEN, JOEY! I'M CERTAIN IT WAS THE CIRCUS EAGLE WE SAW TODAY!

I *KNOW* IT WAS! VARCO, THE ANIMAL MAN, HATES ALL MEN AND HE'S GRADUALLY TEACHING OUR BIRDS AND ANIMALS TO HATE US, TOO!

THAT NIGHT IN THE CARAVAN MADE READY FOR THE BOYS' STAY AT THE CIRCUS....

VARCO'S A MENACE, DUFFY! BUT HE ISN'T THE ONLY ONE WITH POWERS OVER ANIMALS. THE BRAIN HAS SOME POWERS, TOO.

QUICK, BRIAN! LOOK!

IT'S NOT A MAN, BRIAN! IT'S AN APE! SOMETHING FANTASTIC AND TERRIBLE IS HAPPENING IN THIS CIRCUS!

NEXT ISH: *A JUNGLE in REVOLT!*

BIG HAPPENINGS IN NEXT WEEK'S BUMPER ISH!

*MORE, MORE, MORE, MORE PAGES!
*MORE THRILLS!
*MORE LAUGHS!

And the BIGGEST get-together of Super-Heroes and Villains ever!
NEXT WEEK!

Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group

KING OF THE RING.
BE IN THE CORNER OF THIS TEEN TIGER WHO MUST FIGHT HIS WAY ROUND THE WORLD!

THE SPECTRE.
FEAR COMES IN MANY FORMS... BUT NONE MORE DEADLY THAN THE VENGEANCE THAT STALKED THE STREETS WITH THE COMING OF NIGHT!

LAIRD OF THE APES.
FROM THE MIST-SHROUDED MOUNTAINS ECHOED THE STRANGEST CRY OF FREEDOM EVER HEARD... A CRY THAT TURNED MEN'S BLOOD TO ICE IN THEIR VEINS!

ORDER THE BIG NEW SMASH & POW

36 PAGES FOR ONLY 7d

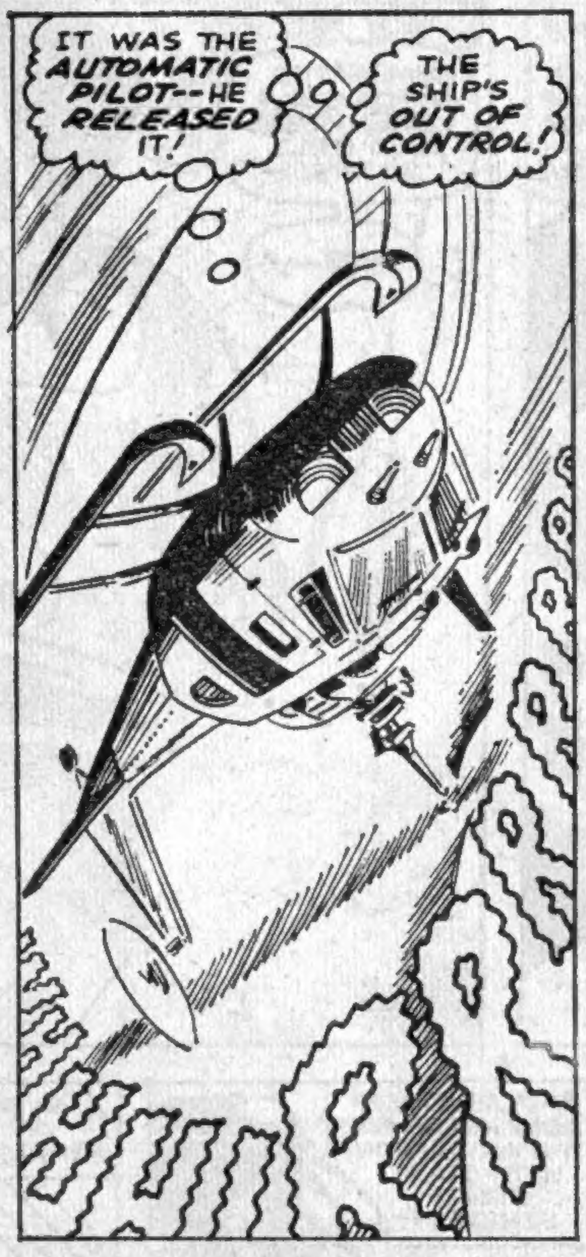
HERE COMES...

DAREDEVIL in "MIKE MURDOCK MUST DIE!"

IN THE MASKED MARAUDER'S HELICOPTER, MATT, KAREN AND FOGGY ARE BEING READIED FOR THE HIGH JUMP. MATT IS THE FIRST TO GO—BUT AS SOON AS HE FALLS HE GRABS THE UNDERCARRIAGE, AND MOMENTS LATER A FAMILIAR COSTUMED FIGURE SWINGS INTO THE CABIN...

Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group 1967

I--NEVER NOTICED BEFORE! HIS HEARTBEAT--HIS PULSE RATE--I RECOGNIZE THEM!
AT LAST--I KNOW WHO HE IS!
UH OH!! HE FELL BACK AGAINST A CONTROL SWITCH!
CLAK!


IT WAS THE AUTOMATIC PILOT--HE RELEASED IT!
THE SHIP'S OUT OF CONTROL!

KAREN!! FOGGY! HANG ON--!
I'LL GET HER RIGHTED --SOME-NOW!

THE CONTROLS!! GRAB THE CONTROLS--BEFORE WE CRASH!
FOGGY! HE CAN'T! THE MARAUDER'S ATTACKING HIM AGAIN!

YOU WON'T ESCAPE ME NOW--!
YOU FOOL! DROP THAT--BEFORE WE'RE ALL KILLED!

NO!! I'VE PLANNED--I'VE WAITED--I'VE SCHEMED TOO LONG TO ACCEPT ANOTHER FAILURE!!
NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS --NO MATTER HOW MANY OTHERS DIE WITH YOU--YOU MUST BE DESTROYED!

THE SHIP'S STEADY NOW!! FOGGY RIGHTED IT!
SO, I'VE ONLY THE MARAUDER TO WORRY ABOUT!
I KNOW WHO YOU ARE, DAREDEVIL!
AND THE SAME GOES FOR ME--FARNUM!!
WHAT?!! HOW-HOW DID YOU FIND OUT??
I THOUGHT THAT WOULD GRAB YOU!

THEN, THERE'S NO LONGER ANY NEED FOR CONCEALMENT!
REMOVE MY HELMET, GIRL!! REMOVE IT, I SAID!
IT-IT IS--MR. FARNUM!
THANK YOU FOR MAKING MY TASK EASIER!
NOW, I CAN'T POSSIBLY LET ANY OF YOU LIVE--!

WHA-WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
DISINTEGRATOR CLICK!
MERELY REACTIVATING THE SHIP'S DEADLY FORCE FIELD ONCE MORE!

WANT TO LEAVE NO EVIDENCE AFTER YOU TOSS US OUT, EH?
WELL, I'VE GOT NEWS FOR YOU--!

I'M BETTING MY LIFE THAT YOU CAN'T SQUEEZE THAT TRIGGER BEFORE I CLIP YOU!
AHHH!--TOO BAD WE WEREN'T BETTING FOR DOUGH!

FARNUM!! WATCH IT!! THAT OPEN DOOR --BEHIND YOU-- FARNUM!!
YOU STILL LOSE! I'VE ANOTHER GUN IN MY-- MY--A
AARGHHHH

QUICK! THE FORCE FIELD LEVER--THERE MAY STILL BE TIME--
NO--!

IT'S TOO LATE!
FOGGY SMASHED THE WHOLE MECHANISM! IT CAN'T HARM ANYONE ELSE!
NOTHING CAN SAVE HIM-- NOW!
BUT-- WHAT ABOUT-- FARNUM?
HE'LL NEVER MENACE US AGAIN!

HOWEVER, HUNDREDS OF FEET BELOW, STILT-MAN IS STILL VERY MUCH A DANGER--
EVEN YOUR SPIDER STRENGTH CAN'T PROTECT YOU FROM A STUN GAS PELLET!
NO ONE WILL EVER RECAPTURE ME NOW!

IT'S NOT SAFE HERE! IF NOT FOR THE GAS, HE'D HAVE WON!
I'VE GOT TO GET BACK TO THE 'COPTER!

AND, AS STILT-MAN HEADS FOR THE WATERFRONT WITH GIANT-SIZED STRIDES--
SPIDER-MAN! LOOK, I'M A REPORTER! WAIT-- HOLD IT!
SORRY, MISTER! I NEED PUBLICITY LIKE ROCKEFELLER NEEDS A LOAN!
STILT-MAN TOOK OFF-- AND THAT'S JUST WHAT SPIDEY'S GONNA DO!
IF YOU RUN INTO HORNHEAD, BE SURE TO GIVE HIM MY WORST!

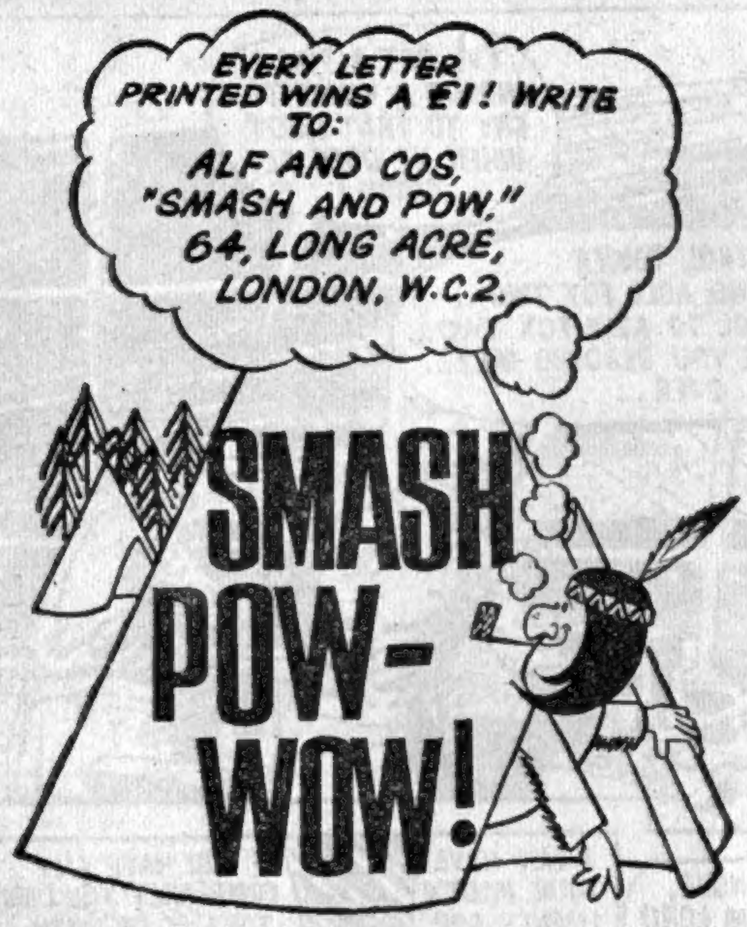
AND, SPEAKING OF THE FEARLESS ONE--
KEEP HER STEADY AS SHE GOES, FOGGY!
DAREDEVIL! THEN--THE MARAUDER FOUND YOU FIRST!
YOU MIGHT SAY IT WAS THE OTHER WAY AROUND, STILTY!

I'M NOT FOOLHARDY ENOUGH TO LET YOU GET ANY CLOSER! I'LL PICK YOU OFF FROM HERE!
HE'S GOT SOME KIND OF RAY GUN-- ABOUT TO FIRE--!
I'M IN FOR IT NOW!
CLICK!

BUT THEN, JUST AS DD TAKES A DESPERATE EVASIVE ACTION--
ARHHH!
HIS GUN MUST HAVE BEEN ELECTRICALLY ACTIVATED! THE WATER CAUSED A SHORT CIRCUIT!

HIS ENTIRE ELECTRICAL SYSTEM IS SHORTED OUT!
HE'S SHRINKING --BACK TO NORMAL!
NOOOO..! WITHOUT MY ELECTRIC CIRCUITS, MY STILTS ARE USELESS TO ME!!

THE POLICE WILL HAUL HIM IN NOW!
LET'S HEAD FOR THE NEAREST FIELD--!
IT'S BEEN A REAL BUSY DAY--
EVEN FOR-- DAREDEVIL!
The End



★ ★ ★

Dear Alf and Cos,

In SMASH and POW 137, Superman mentions Kryptonite, and Robin says, "An element from the extinct planet where you were born." Well, Kryptonite WAS his native planet, because it was formed out of the planet when the planet blew up.

Readers might like to catch onto a few facts about Kryptonite. There was several different types formed. Green K. weakens Superman and finally kills him if it isn't taken away from him soon. Red K. changes Superman in different ways, e.g. it might make him a giant, a monster, or grow a beard, etc. The effects last for about two days. (One piece of Red K. only works on him once). Gold K. takes away his power permanently. There are also other kinds of Kryptonite—blue and white.

Robert Welsh,
Dudley, Worcs.

Thanks for your letter, Robert, and the info; we know all Superman fans—any super-hero fans in fact—are always hungry for a bit more knowledge of their favourite characters — and Superman is a very favourite favourite!

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,
Do you like this one?
Q. When is a car not a car?
A. When it turns into a garage.

A. Pinder,
Middlesbrough.

Dear Alf and Cos,

When you joined SMASH with POW you left out the Fantastic Four, and I thought they were great. Please will you bring them back.

Robert Burrows,
Aylesbury, Bucks.

Had a look at the good news on page five this week? Next week's SMASH and POW is gloriously, satisfyingly full of the characters you super-hero buffs rave about—including the fabulous Fantastic Four! And some British-grown newcomers who we think will rapidly acquire a frantic, faithful following too . . . it's tough having to wait a whole week to see them but it'll be worth it, we promise you!

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

In issue 137 of SMASH and POW, in the Swots and Blots story, the Swots' dog said the teacher had made three mistakes in his arithmetic but he was doing algebra on the blackboard.

Andrew McGill,
Troon, Ayrshire.

P.S. I am top of the class in maths.
P.S. I bet YOU weren't!

You're right there, Andrew! But then us literary geniuses are often weak on the practical side. As for the dog mistaking algebra for arithmetic—well, considering he was just a dog, he did pretty well to get that close! You wouldn't expect a pooch to be a prize pupil, either, would you?

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

In SMASH 92 you told a boy that everyone's turn comes in the end. I hope so, because this is my umpteenth letter! You have boobed again, is what I want to say. In ish 138 you show Kraven in mid-air with Spidey, when we know Kraven cannot fly! Nuff said!

Dave Byerley,
Portsmouth.

Umpteenth time lucky, frantic one! As for boobing, we deny it indignantly — this time, anyway! Kraven wasn't flying, he was jumping . . . a risky thing to do, admittedly, but Kraven is the kind of character who would do a thing like that!

Alf and Cos.

DON'T FORGET THE COUPON!

My favourite feature is

.....

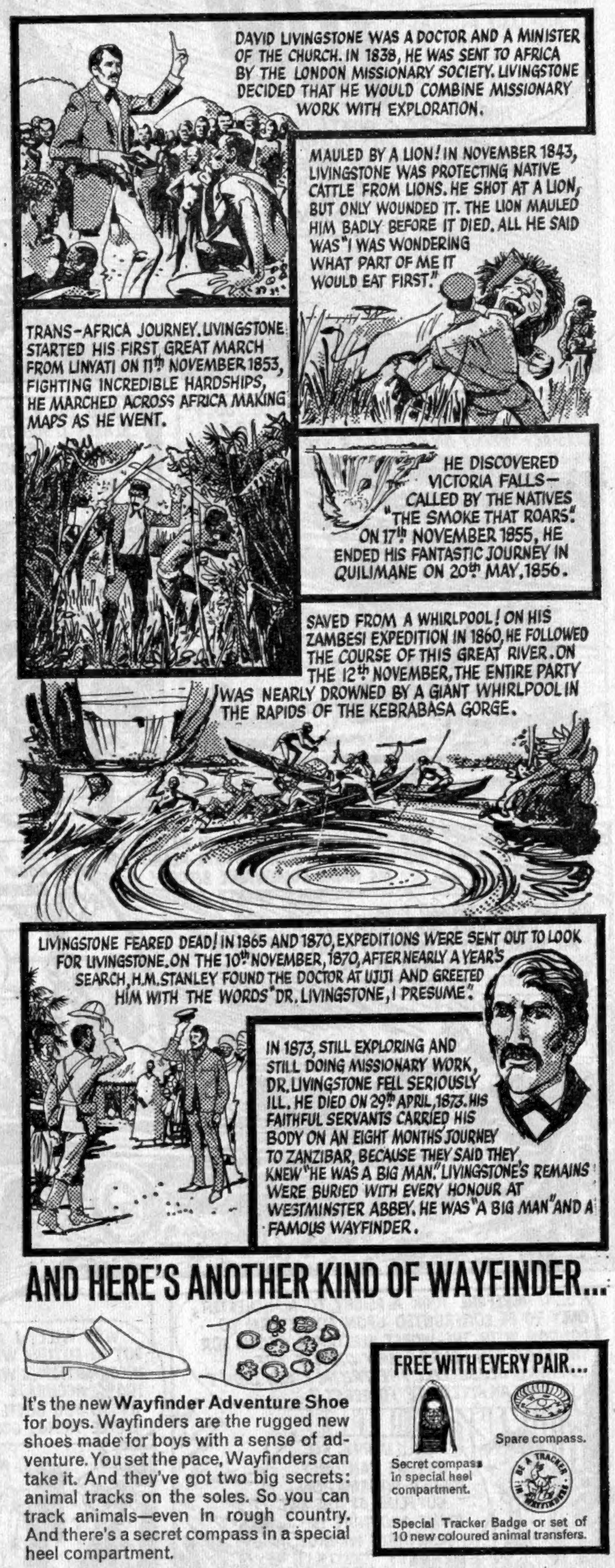
My second favourite feature is

.....

Send the coupon with your letter to: Alf and Cos, SMASH and POW, 64 Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

FAMOUS WAYFINDERS No2

DR. LIVINGSTONE



AND HERE'S ANOTHER KIND OF WAYFINDER...

It's the new **Wayfinder Adventure Shoe** for boys. Wayfinders are the rugged new shoes made for boys with a sense of adventure. You set the pace, Wayfinders can take it. And they've got two big secrets: animal tracks on the soles. So you can track animals—even in rough country. And there's a secret compass in a special heel compartment.

FREE WITH EVERY PAIR...

Secret compass in special heel compartment.

Spare compass.

Special Tracker Badge or set of 10 new coloured animal transfers.

Wayfinders "Slimline Shoes" come in black only, but are available in gusset or lace-up. They're the *only* shoes approved by The Scout Association, and have a 6 months' guarantee against sole repair. Available in sizes 11-7½. Prices from 39/11d. Get a pair now—you'll find them at most leading shoe stores.

WAYFINDERS

WAYFINDERS, 151 OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W

FORECAST OF FURY

JUST LOOK AT THAT LUNATIC, TRYING TO LAND THAT POTTY LITTLE AIRCRAFT ON A NIGHT LIKE THIS!

QUIET! I'VE JUST RAISED HIM ON OUR WAVELENGTH... I'M GOING TO HAVE TO TALK HIM DOWN!

YOUR POW! SHORT STORY

CONTROL TOWER CALLING ABLE FOX TWO... CONTROL TO ABLE FOX TWO... ARE YOU READING ME?... OVER...

I'VE GOT A FEW WORDS I WANT TO SAY TO THAT IDIOT WHEN HE *DOES* GET DOWN!

THE LITTLE PLANE MAKES ITS HAZARDOUS TOUCH-DOWN AND THE SENIOR OFFICER RUNS ON TO THE TARMAC—INTENT ON TEARING A STRIP OFF THE PILOT...

WHO THE BLUE BLAZES D'YOU THINK YOU ARE? RISKING LIVES BY TRYING TO GET IN HERE ON A NIGHT LIKE THIS?

WATCH YOUR TONGUE, YOUNG MAN! I AM LORD MAGNUS, AND I DON'T NEED *YOU* TO TELL ME WHAT I CAN DO AND WHAT I CAN'T DO!

I CAN HAVE YOUR PILOT'S LICENCE FOR SUCH DISREGARD OF...

IF YOU HAVE ANY COMPLAINT YOU CAN TAKE IT UP WITH MY SECRETARY. I HAVEN'T TIME TO WASTE ON THE HIRED HELP!

WHO THE HECK DOES HE THINK *HE* IS? LORD MAGNUS... I SEEM TO HAVE HEARD HIS NAME SOMEWHERE BEFORE!

YOU CERTAINLY *SHOULD* HAVE... HE ONLY OWNS HALF THE NEWSPAPERS IN THE WORLD! HE'S PROBABLY ABOUT THE MOST POWERFUL MAN IN THE BRITISH ISLES!

*ONE HOUR LATER IN LORD MAGNUS'S ROOM AT THE TOP OF THE LONDON **EVENING GLOBE** SKYSCRAPER...*

I'VE CALLED A MEETING OF YOU, THE TOP EXECUTIVES OF THE EVENING GLOBE, BECAUSE I'M DISSATISFIED WITH THE WAY IN WHICH THE PAPER IS BEING RUN!

OH CRIKEY! *NOW* WE'RE FOR IT!

AS FAR AS I AM CONCERNED, THE EVENING GLOBE PUBLISHES NOTHING BUT THE **TRUTH!** BELIEVING THAT, I CONSULTED OUR WEATHER FORECAST THIS MORNING AND READ THAT THE EVENING WOULD BE FINE AND CLEAR...

... I THEREFORE TOOK A FLIGHT TO MANCHESTER, ONLY TO BE CONFRONTED UPON MY RETURN TO LONDON WITH THE WORST ELECTRICAL STORM FOR THE PAST TEN YEARS! *WHY DIDN'T THE EVENING GLOBE TELL THE TRUTH?* WHY DIDN'T IT GIVE AN *ACCURATE* FORECAST?

ER... SORRY, SIR... BUT WE CAN ONLY PUBLISH INFORMATION SUPPLIED BY THE MET. OFFICE AND THAT IS SOMETIMES WRONG!

VERY WELL, I ACCEPT YOUR EXPLANATION. BUT IN FUTURE WE SHALL *NOT* RELY ON MET. INFORMATION... WE WILL SUPPLY OUR OWN 100% ACCURATE INFORMATION! I'LL LEAVE IT TO YOU GENTLEMEN TO ORGANISE THAT LITTLE THING. GOOD EVENING TO YOU ALL!

AND, SO SAYING, LORD MAGNUS STALKED FROM THE ROOM LEAVING HIS EXECUTIVES THUNDERSTRUCK!

HOW THE HECK ARE WE GOING TO FIND A WAY OF GETTING BETTER WEATHER REPORTS THAN THE MET. OFFICE? IT'S BLOOMING WELL IMPOSSIBLE!

I'VE GOT AN IDEA, BOSS! HOW ABOUT RUNNING A NATIONWIDE COMPETITION?

SAY! THAT MIGHT JUST WORK! LET'S GET ON TO IT RIGHT AWAY!

EVENING GLOBE

£10,000 PRIZE OFFERED TO THE FIRST PERSON TO ACCURATELY FORECAST THE WEATHER FOR ONE MONTH FROM NOW!

SO, ON THE NEXT DAY, THE LONDON EVENING GLOBE CARRIED A STARTLING HEADLINE...

HOW'S THE COMPETITION COMING ALONG, LAD?

JEEPERS CREEPERS! I RECKON THAT EVERY CRAZY CRANK IN THE UNITED KINGDOM MUST BE TRYING TO WIN THE PRIZE! LOOK AT ALL THIS MAIL!

ONE MONTH LATER...

WELL, I HOPE YOU HAVE SOME POSITIVE RESULTS TO REPORT FROM THE WEATHER FORECASTING COMPETITION!

WE HAVE, SIR! I WOULDN'T HAVE BELIEVED IT IF I HADN'T SEEN THE WINNER'S PREDICTIONS COME TRUE WITH MY OWN EYES!

I'LL FETCH HIM IN NOW, SIR.

LORD MAGNUS, MAY I PRESENT OUR WINNER, PROFESSOR CHARKER!

COME RIGHT IN, MAN. LET'S SEE WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT!

HE USES THIS LITTLE MACHINE, SIR, AND HE NEVER MAKES A MISTAKE!

I'VE CHECKED HIM THOROUGHLY OVER THE WHOLE MONTH AND HE HASN'T GIVEN A SINGLE WRONG FORECAST!

HERE'S YOUR CHEQUE FOR £10,000, CHARKER. NOW YOU CAN GO!

THANK YOU VERY MUCH, YOUR LORDSHIP... ER... I'LL JUST TAKE MY BOX WITH ME IF YOU DON'T MIND!

HA! I'M AFRAID YOU CAN'T HAVE IT... YOU SEE, BY ACCEPTING MY CHEQUE YOU HAVE RELINQUISHED FULL RIGHTS OF YOUR INVENTION TO ME!

THAT'S NOT FAIR! I DIDN'T UNDERSTAND! YOU MUSTN'T MEDDLE WITH IT... IT'S DANGEROUS!

STOP TALKING NONSENSE, PROFESSOR. BETTER GET GOING WHILE THE GOING'S GOOD!

LATER THAT EVENING, WHEN EVERYONE ELSE HAD LEFT THE BUILDING...

NOW TO TRY OUT THIS 'BOX OF TRICKS'! IF IT WORKS... IF IT REALLY WORKS... IT WILL MAKE ME THE RICHEST... THE MOST POWERFUL MAN IN THE WORLD!

HEY! WHAT'S HAPPENING?

CRRRRASH!

CRRRUNCH!

AIEEEEE! THAT THING DOESN'T FORECAST THE WEATHER! IT CREATES THE WEATHER!

THE FOOL...THE POOR FOOL! HIS GREED HAS DESTROYED HIM AND ALL HE STOOD FOR! AND... IT IS BETTER THIS WAY... FOR IF EVER MY MACHINE HAD GOT INTO THE WRONG HANDS, WHO KNOWS WHAT MAY HAVE HAPPENED?

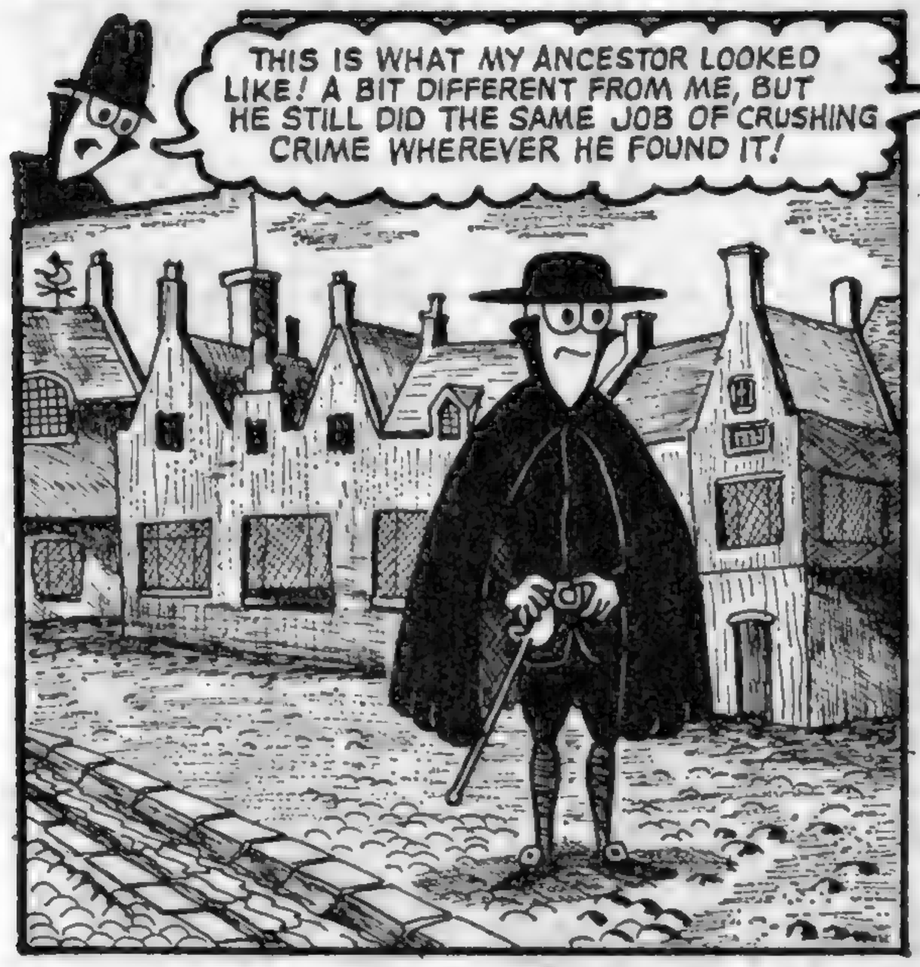
THE END

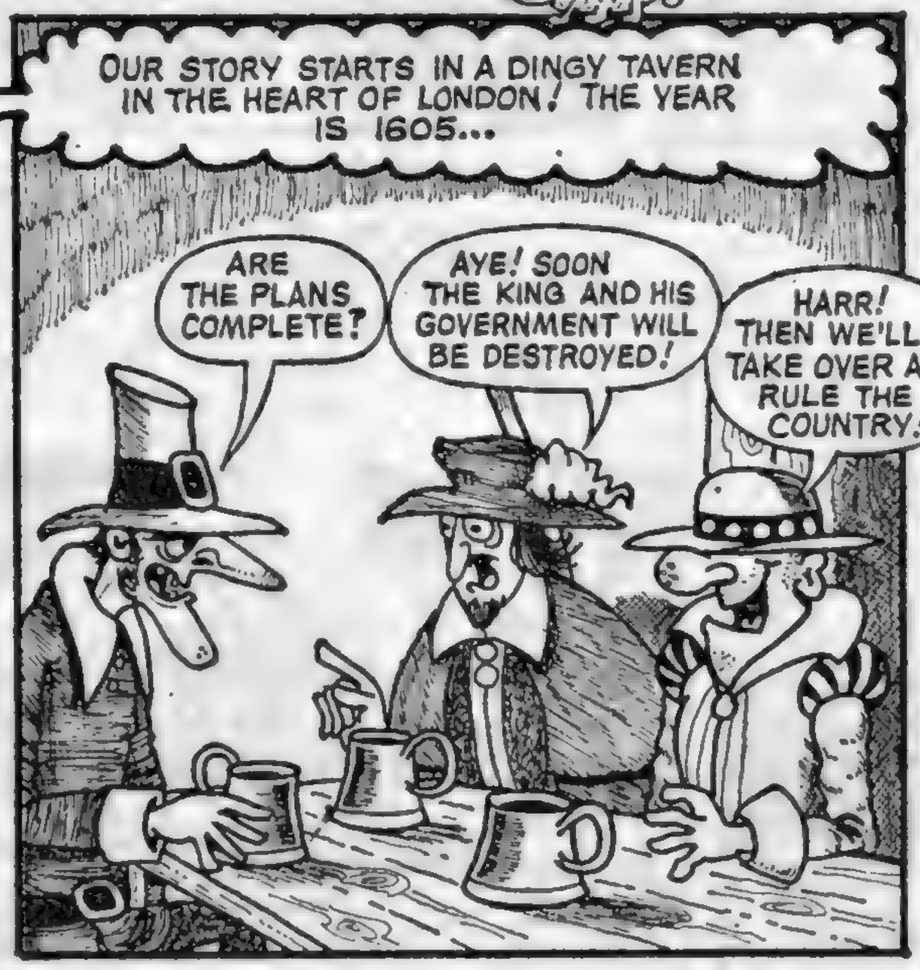
THE CLOAK

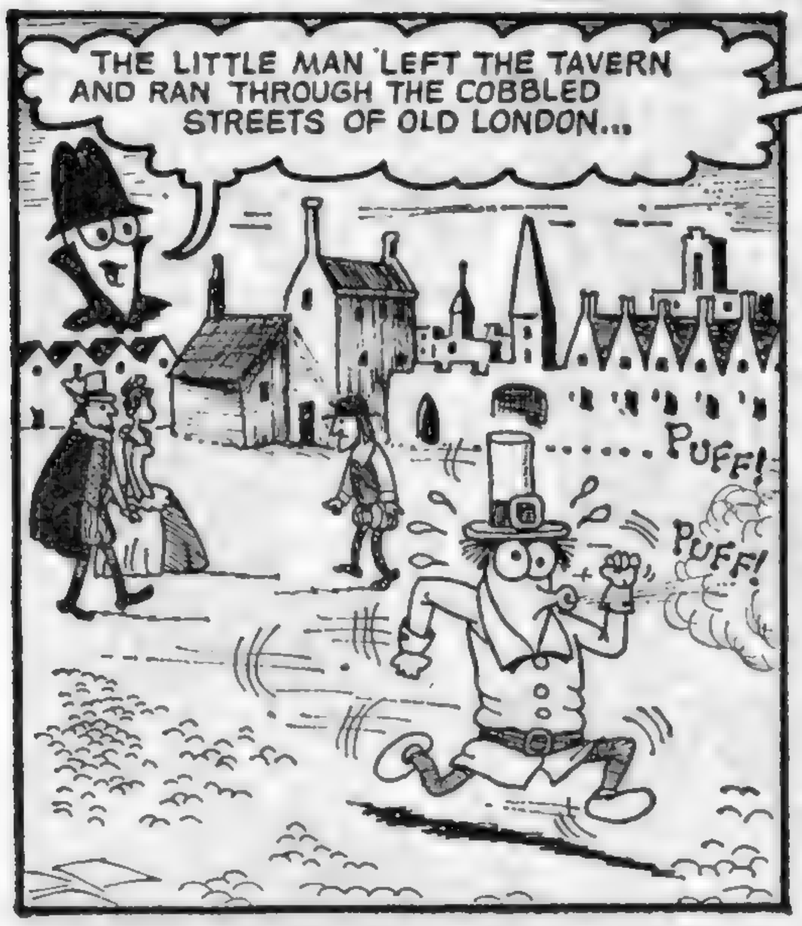
The Chronicles of the Cloak

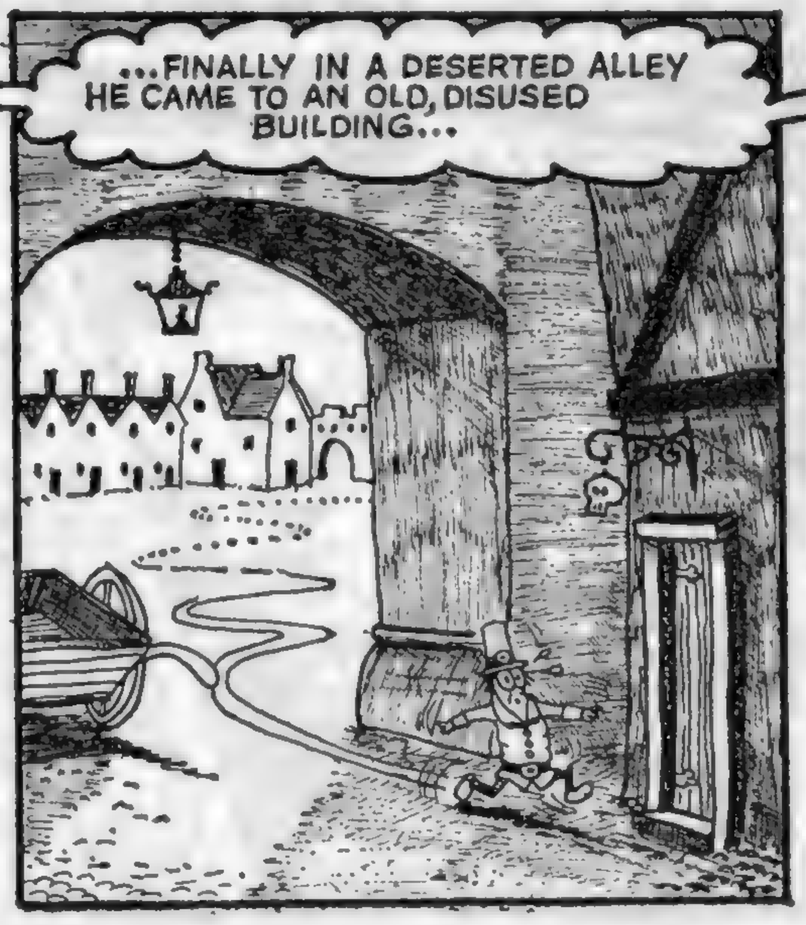
The Gunpowder Plot.

1605 a.d.

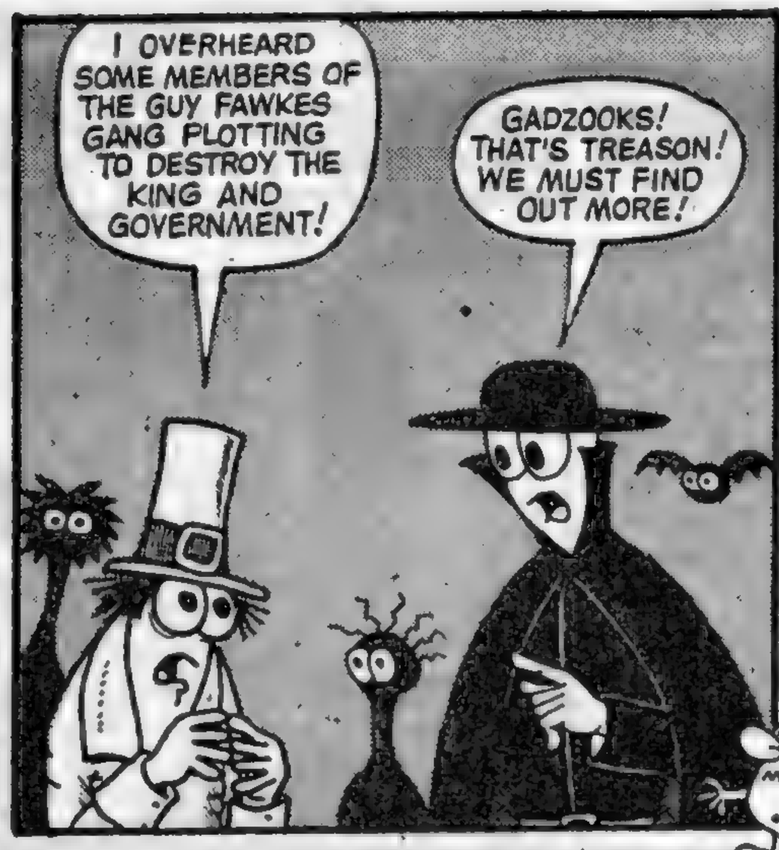




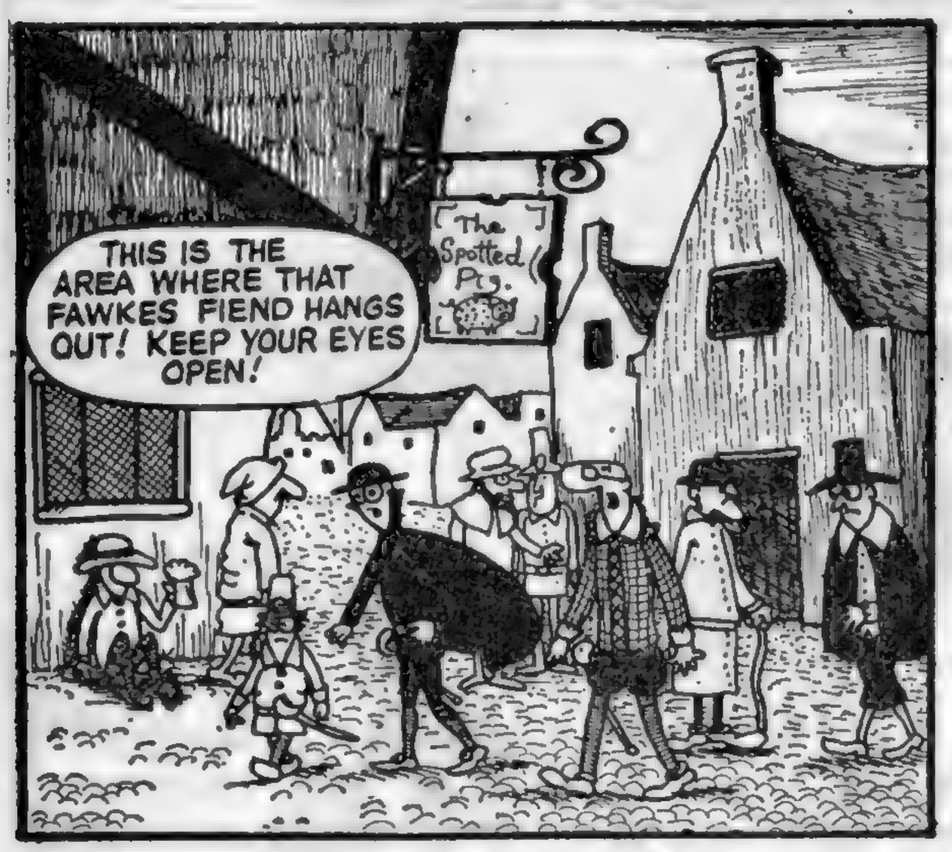




GREETINGS, BODKIN! WHAT BRINGS YOU AT SUCH A GALLOP?
ZIP!
KONG LIVES!

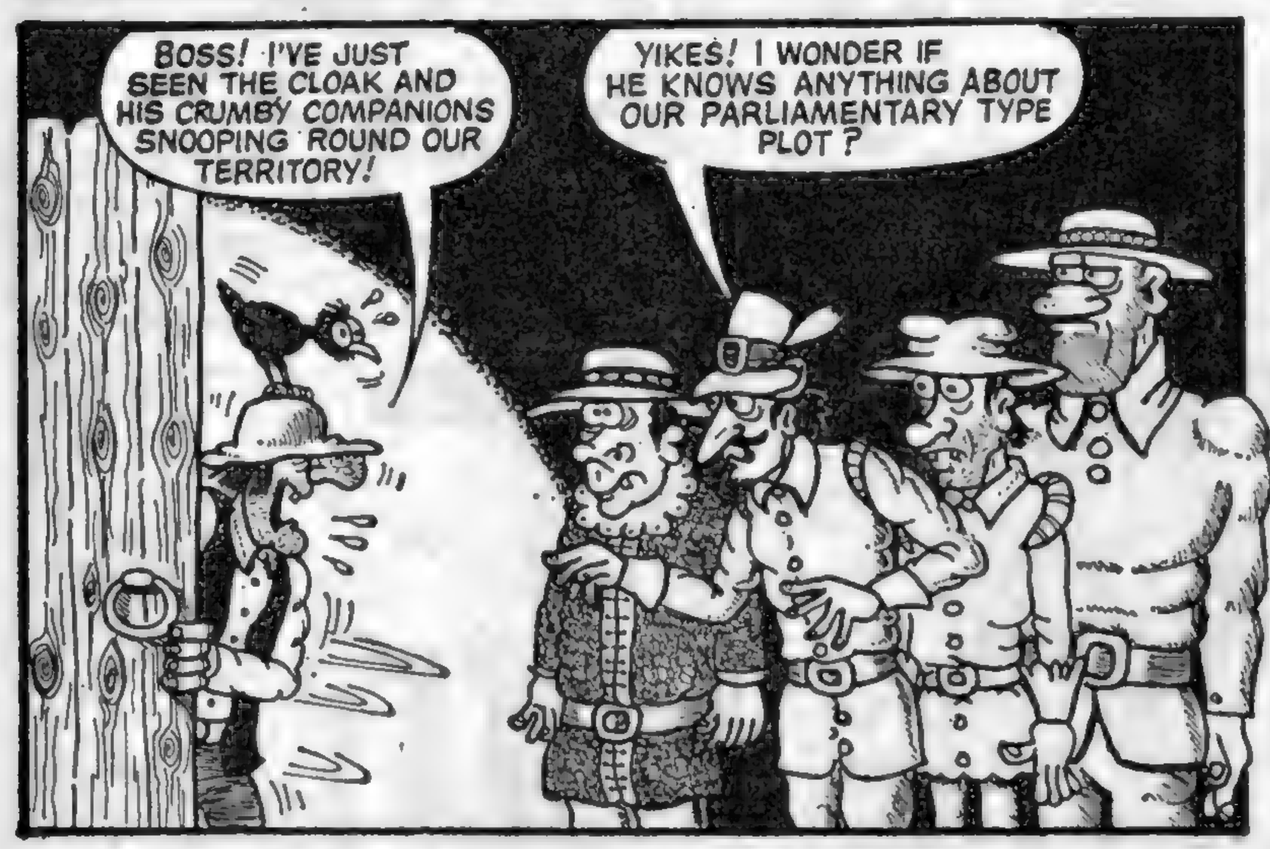

I OVERHEARD SOME MEMBERS OF THE GUY FAWKES GANG PLOTTING TO DESTROY THE KING AND GOVERNMENT!
GADZOOKS! THAT'S TREASON! WE MUST FIND OUT MORE!

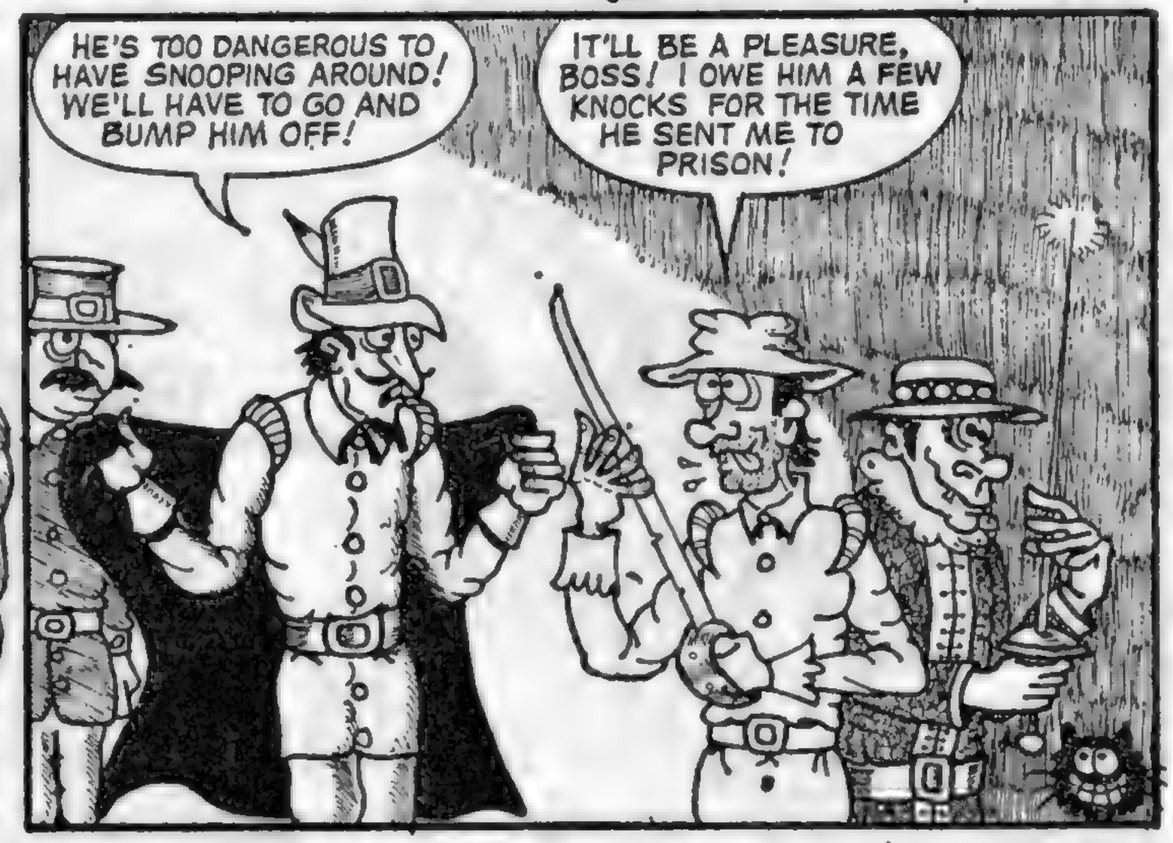
SHAKE A LEG, FERRET! WE'RE SNEAKING OFF TO SNOOP ON THE GUY FAWKES MOB!
DON'T SOUND SO HAPPY ABOUT IT! THEY'RE A DANGEROUS BUNCH!


THIS IS THE AREA WHERE THAT FAWKES FIEND HANGS OUT! KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN!
The Spotted Pig

ERK! I RECOGNISE THAT GEEZER! IT'S THE CLOAK! I MUST TELL THE BOSS!
COS WAS HERE!
SPARE A PENNY

EVERY TIME THE CLOAK SHOWS UP, IT MEANS TROUBLE FOR US VILLAINS!

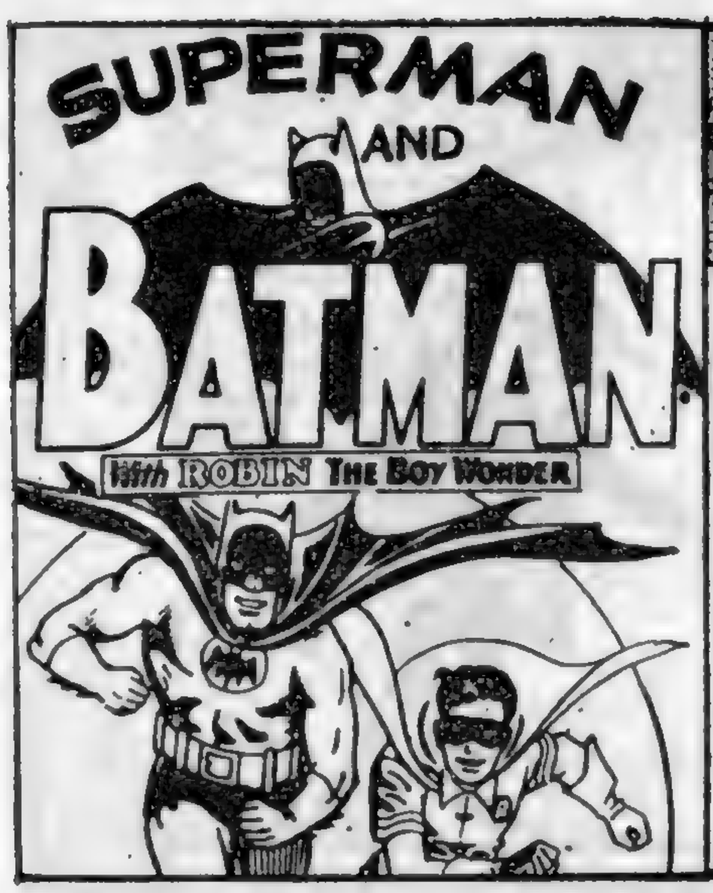

BOSS! I'VE JUST SEEN THE CLOAK AND HIS CRUMBY COMPANIONS SNOOPING ROUND OUR TERRITORY!
YIKES! I WONDER IF HE KNOWS ANYTHING ABOUT OUR PARLIAMENTARY TYPE PLOT?


HE'S TOO DANGEROUS TO HAVE SNOOPING AROUND! WE'LL HAVE TO GO AND BUMP HIM OFF!
IT'LL BE A PLEASURE, BOSS! I OWE HIM A FEW KNOCKS FOR THE TIME HE SENT ME TO PRISON!

THERE THEY ARE, LADS! GET READY TO START CARVING!

ULP! IT'S THE GUY FAWKES GANG AND THEY'RE OUT FOR BLOOD — OURS!
SLICE THE SNOOPING SPIES TO SHREDS!
MIK

IT LOOKS AS THOUGH MY ANCESTOR IS ABOUT TO COME TO A STICKY END! FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM BY TURNING TO THESE PAGES NEXT WEEK!



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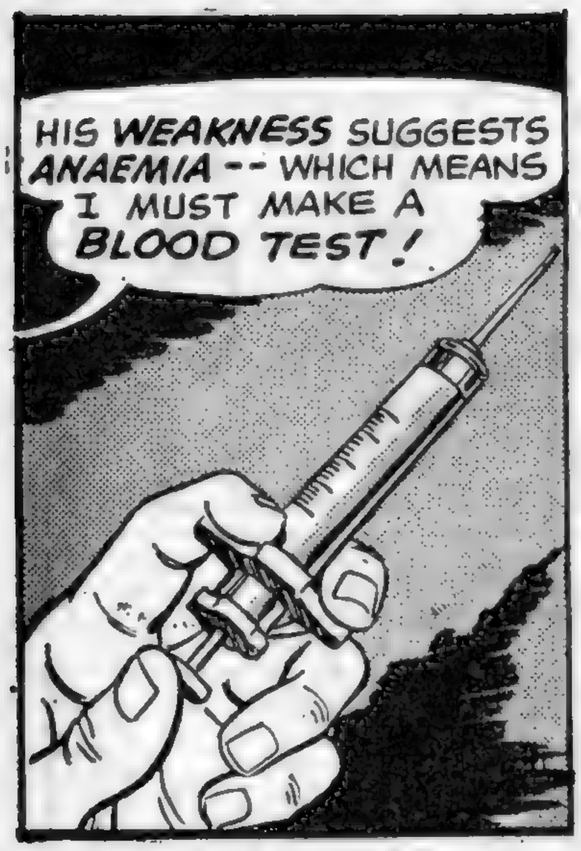
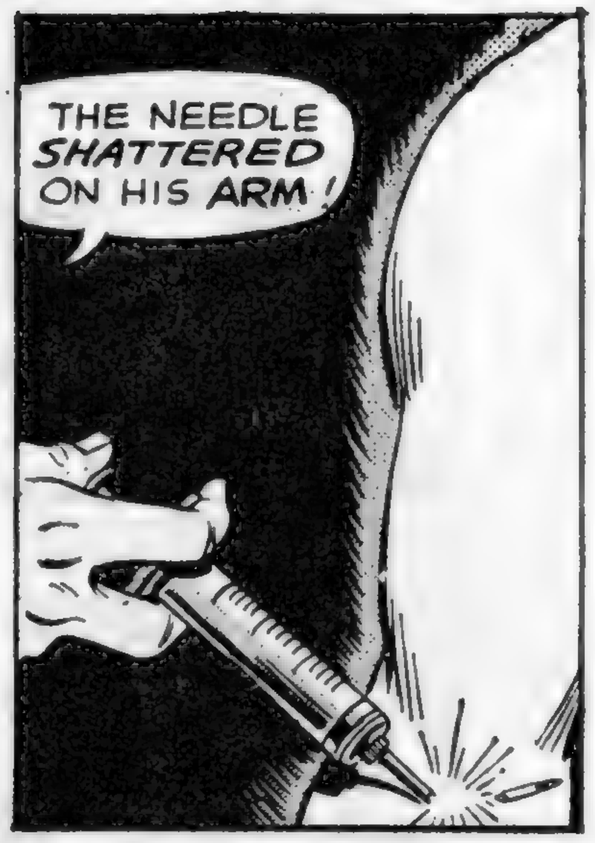

HIS WEAKNESS SUGGESTS ANAEMIA -- WHICH MEANS I MUST MAKE A BLOOD TEST!

STEADY, NOW!
BUT, DOC--!
EASY, ROBIN!


THE NEEDLE SHATTERED ON HIS ARM!

WELL--AT LEAST WE KNOW HE'S STILL PARTIALLY INVULNERABLE!
THAT'S WHAT I WAS TRYING TO TELL YOU!

IT'S BAFFLING, BATMAN! I CAN'T FIND ANYTHING DEFINITELY WRONG WITH SUPERMAN!
WOULD YOU CARE TO MAKE AN EDUCATED GUESS, DOCTOR?

THE UNDERWORLD'S GETTIN' RESTLESS, PROF! THEY WANT YOU TO FINISH SUPERMAN-- AND YOU'RE FOOLIN' AROUND WITH FILM!!
TO FINISH ANYBODY, YOU NEED SOME SORT OF WEAPON -- RIGHT?
MEANWHILE SUPERMAN'S ARCH-FOE, PROF. ZINKK, WORKS BUSILY IN HIS SECRET LABORATORY...

WELL, STUPID, THIS FILM IS MY WEAPON!

AND AT THE FORTRESS...
I CAN'T SAY ANYTHING'S DEFINITELY WRONG WITH HIM EXCEPT FOR THIS MYSTERIOUS WEAKNESS!

ONLY KRYPTONITE COULD HAVE SUCH AN EFFECT ON SUPERMAN!
THEN I SUGGEST YOU FIND IT BEFORE IT KILLS HIM!
TO BE BATINUED!

The NERVS

SIGH! I WISH I HAD LOVELY LOCKS LIKE ENGELBERT. THEN ALL THE DOLLIES WOULD FALL FOR ME—FAT AND ALL!

I'LL PINCH SOME OF MUM'S HAIR RESTORER—INSTANT CURLS FOR THE LAD, EH?

YOU CLOT! YOU'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO *DRINK* THAT STUFF—YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO RUB IT ON YOUR BONCE!

GLUG!

OH, DEAR! I DON'T KNOW WHERE YOU'LL GET HAIRS NOW, BUT IT CERTAINLY WON'T BE ON YOUR HEAD!

HIC!

BY THIS TIME, THE STUFF IN QUESTION HAS GURGLED AND GLOOPED ITS MERRY WAY DOWN THROUGH FATTY'S SYSTEM, UNTIL IT FINALLY REACHES HIS TUM . . .

WHAT'S THE FAT TWERP DRINKING NOW? I HAVEN'T SEEN THAT STUFF BEFORE!!!

TUM TUMS

G-G-G-GULP! IT LOOKS A LOT MORE DANGEROUS THAN COFFEE!

RELAX, LADS! YOU KNOW HOW THESE HUMANS ARE—BRINGING OUT NEW DRINKS ALL THE TIME.

ARRRGH! IT TASTES HORRIBLE!

PLOP!

COO! YOU'VE GONE ALL HAIRY, HENRY!

AIEE! WHAT'S IT DONE TO ME!!?? I'M NOT A NERV ANY MORE—I'M A GOOSEBERRY. *WAAH!*

WAAH! GET THIS STUFF OFF! BALDIFY ME! I'LL BLATTER FATTY'S BLINKING BELLY BUTTON FOR THIS! I'LL—

Belly Barber Shop

TUMMY DEPT

HOP IT, HENRY! WE ONLY DO SHORT BACK AND SIDES IN HERE! WE'VE ONLY GOT CLIPPERS, NOT BLOOMING COMBINE-HARVESTERS!

Belly

GRR! THOSE LAZY TWERPS IN THE BRAIN DEPT. COULD'VE STOPPED HIM FROM DRINKING THE STUFF! I'M GOING UP TO FATTY'S HEAD TO FLATTEN THEM! *GRRR!*

MEANWHILE...

OH, DEAR! I HOPE MY TUM DOESN'T FILL UP WITH HAIR AND LEAVE NO ROOM FOR GRUB! MUM'S COOKING BANGERS AND EGGS FOR ME TEA.

SNIFF! SNIFF!

SMELLS

LOVELY GRUB

AND, IN FATTY'S BROW DEPT.—

GRRRR! THE FAT TWERP'S FURROWING HIS BROW AGAIN! JUST LOOK AT ALL THESE HORRIBLE WRINKLES, FIONA!

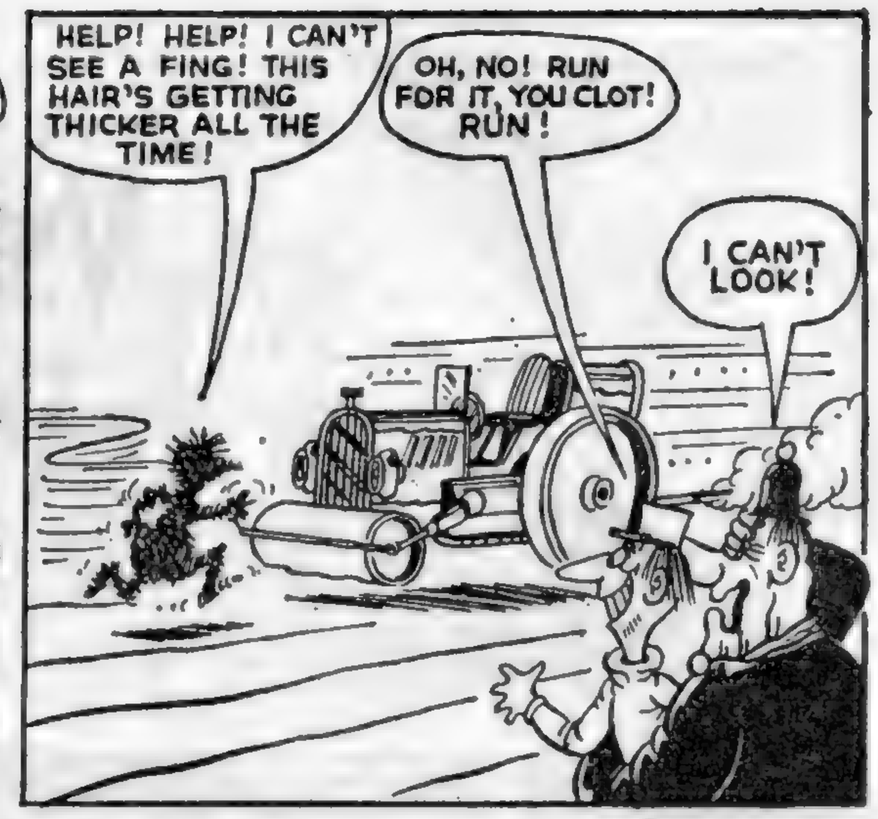
YES, BERTIE! THEY DO MAKE THE PLACE LOOK UNTIDY—YOU'D BETTER DO SOMETHING ABOUT THEM!

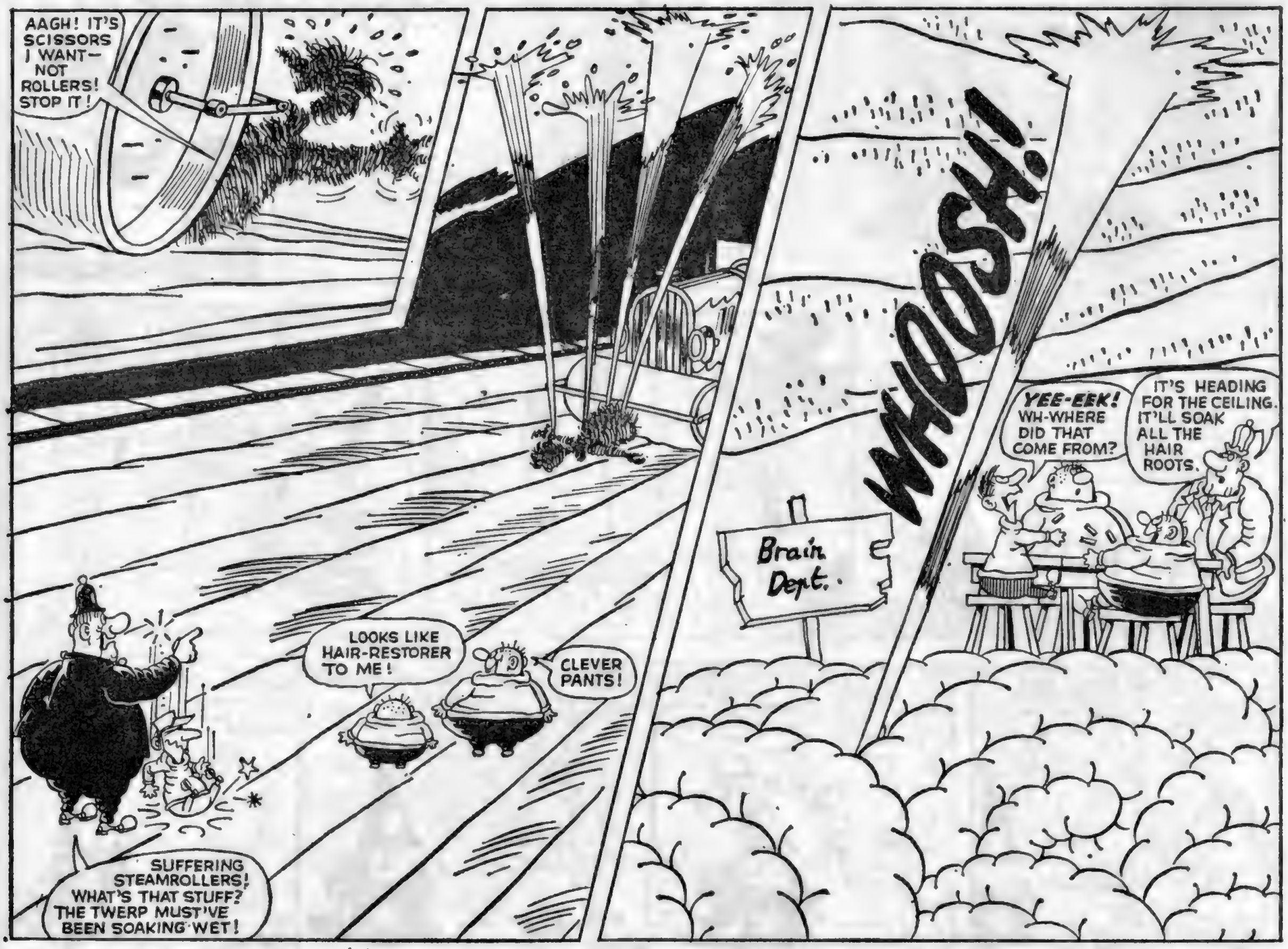
HEH! HEH! THIS ROLLER WILL MAKE SHORT WORK OF THE WRINKLES! OLD FATTY WILL SOON HAVE A NICE, SMOOTH, WRINKLE-FREE BROW.

A6

AAGH! WHAT'S THAT THING? THE SPIRIT OF GREAT-GRANPAPPY'S COME BACK TO HAUNT ME!

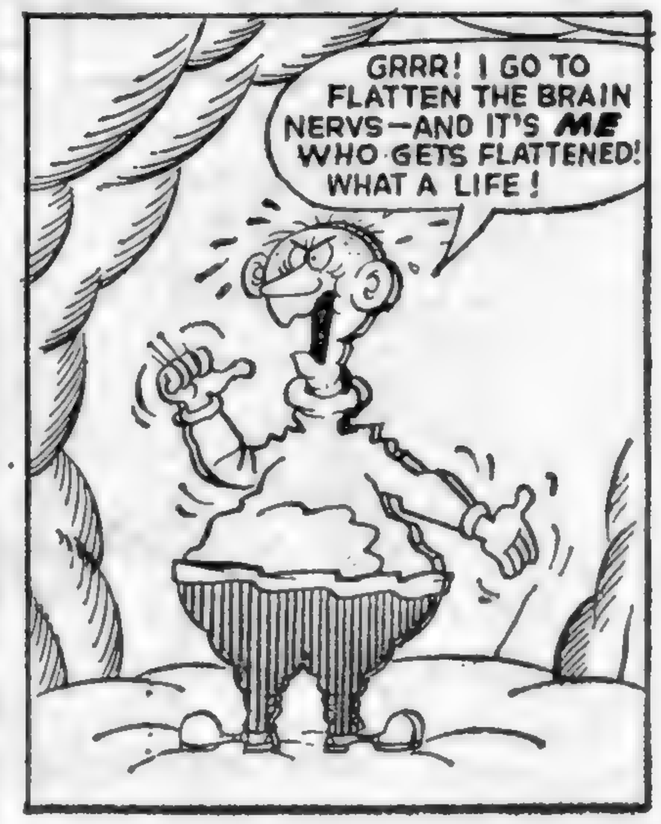
WAAH! LOCK ME UP! PUT ME IN SOLITARY! DO WHAT YOU WILL! JUST KEEP GRANPAPPY'S GHOST AWAY FROM ME!
AND WHAT ABOUT THE ROLLER, LAD? IT WON'T DRIVE ITSELF!


HELP! HELP! I CAN'T SEE A FING! THIS HAIR'S GETTING THICKER ALL THE TIME!
OH, NO! RUN FOR IT, YOU CLOT! RUN!
I CAN'T LOOK!


AAGH! IT'S SCISSORS I WANT— NOT ROLLERS! STOP IT!
WHOOSH!
Brain Dept.
YEE-EEK! WH-WHERE DID THAT COME FROM?
IT'S HEADING FOR THE CEILING. IT'LL SOAK ALL THE HAIR ROOTS.
LOOKS LIKE HAIR-RESTORER TO ME!
CLEVER PANTS!
SUFFERING STEAMROLLERS! WHAT'S THAT STUFF? THE TWERP MUST'VE BEEN SOAKING WET!

WELL, HOW ABOUT THAT, THEN? WE NOW HAVE FATTY'S HAIR ROOTS COVERED IN HAIR RESTORER!!
SPLOSH!
HAIR ROOTS

MUM! MUM! IT'S WORKING! ME HAIR'S GROWING LIKE MAD!
PLEASE RELEASE ME, LET ME GO!
I DON'T BELIEVE IT! I DON'T BELIEVE IT!

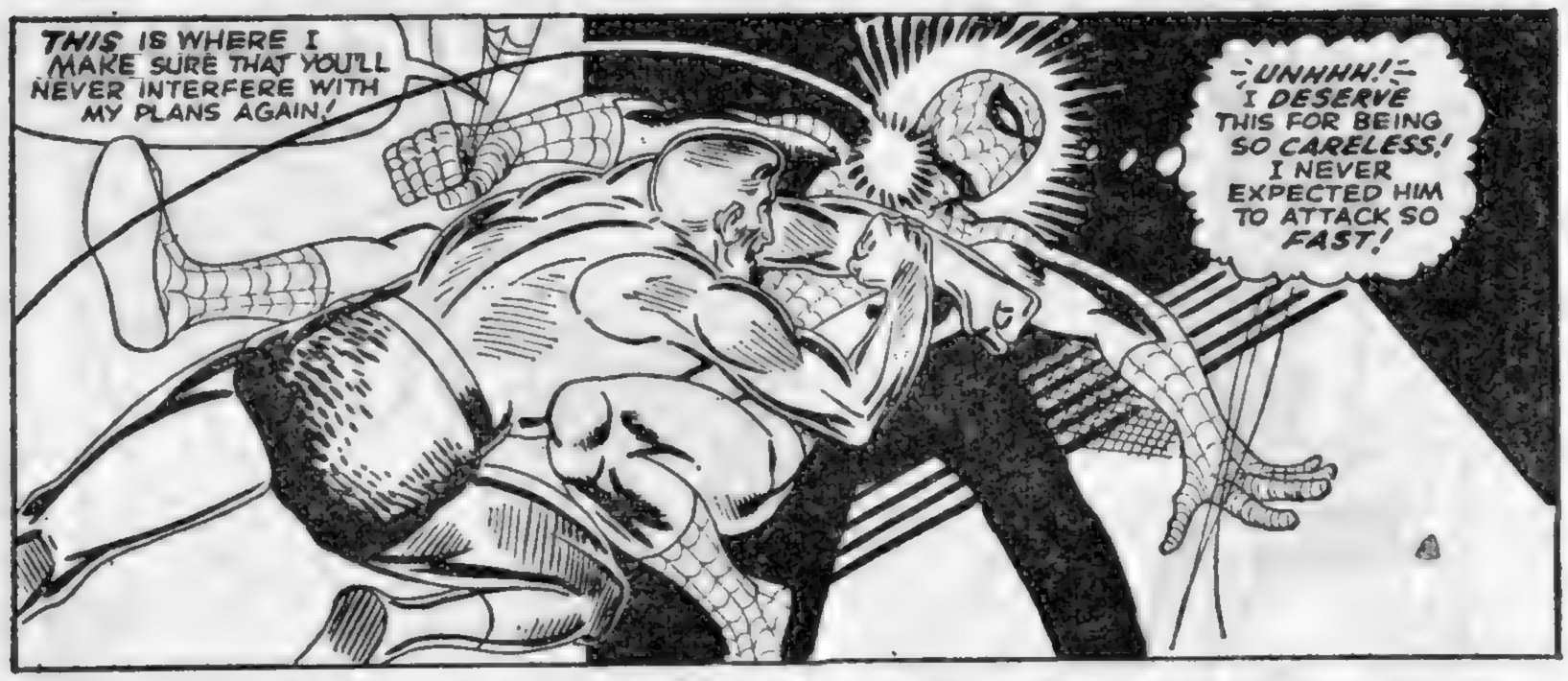

GRRR! I GO TO FLATTEN THE BRAIN NERVS—AND IT'S ME WHO GETS FLATTENED! WHAT A LIFE!

SOMETHING UNFORSEEN IS ALWAYS HAPPENING WHEN HE'S AROUND! —
WIZARD PRANG
DEMON DRUID
IN
WIZ WAR!
— HE SPELLS TROUBLE FOR JUST ABOUT EVERYONE!
COR! I LOOK TERRIBLE! ALL WORN-OUT AND BEAT-UP AND RUN-DOWN!
WHAT I NEED IS A HOLIDAY... BUT I HAVEN'T GOT ENOUGH GOLD TO GET ME OUT OF SIGHT OF MY OWN CAVE!
SNATCH
HOLIDAY SAVINGS
I KNOW WHAT I'LL DO!
WIZARD PRANG'S PLACE
ZOOM
HEY! WIZARD PRANG! I JUST DROPPED BY TO TELL YOU I THINK YOU'RE A MOULDY MAGICIAN!
YOU JUST STAY RIGHT THERE, YOU DIM DRUID! I'LL BE RIGHT DOWN, AN' I'LL SHOW YOU WHETHER I'M A MOULDY MAGICIAN OR NOT!
TEE! HEE! HE'S FALLEN FOR MY LITTLE SCHEME!
WIZARD PRANG IS OUT AGAIN
GO ON! TAKE A CARD! TAKE ANY CARD!
MY MAGIC POWERS TELL ME THAT YOU'VE PICKED THE ACE OF CLUBS!
PFOOIE! THAT'S NOT MAGIC! THEY'RE ALL THE ACE OF CLUBS!
SNATCH
BAH! GRR! GNASH! FUME! IT'S NOT FAIR...YOU LOOKED!
POOH! YOU'LL HAVE TO DO BETTER THAN THAT TO CONVINCE ME THAT YOU CAN WORK PROPER MAGIC!
STAMP STAMP
I CAN DO ANYTHING! JUST NAME IT!
ALL RIGHT!... LET'S SEE IF YOU CAN MAGIC ME TO A SOUTH SEA ISLAND.
NO SOONER SAID THAN DIDDLED! ABRACADABRA! WALLA-WALLA! PONG!
PLOF!
SUCCESS! WE'RE AS SURPRISED AS YOU ARE!
HA! HA! THIS IS THE WAY TO TRAVEL. NO EFFORT... NO EXPENSE... AND ALL BY COURTESY OF WIZARD PRANG!
BUT BACK AT THE RANCH...
WIZARD PRANG IS A TWIT
I DON'T RIGHTLY KNOW HOW IT HAPPENED, BUT SOMEHOW I THINK I GOT THE WORST OF THAT LITTLE EXHIBITION OF MAGICAL PROWESS!
YOU'RE DARN' RIGHT YOU DID! WHAT A WHIZ OF A WIZ YOU AREN'T!

THE AMAZING SPIDERMAN...

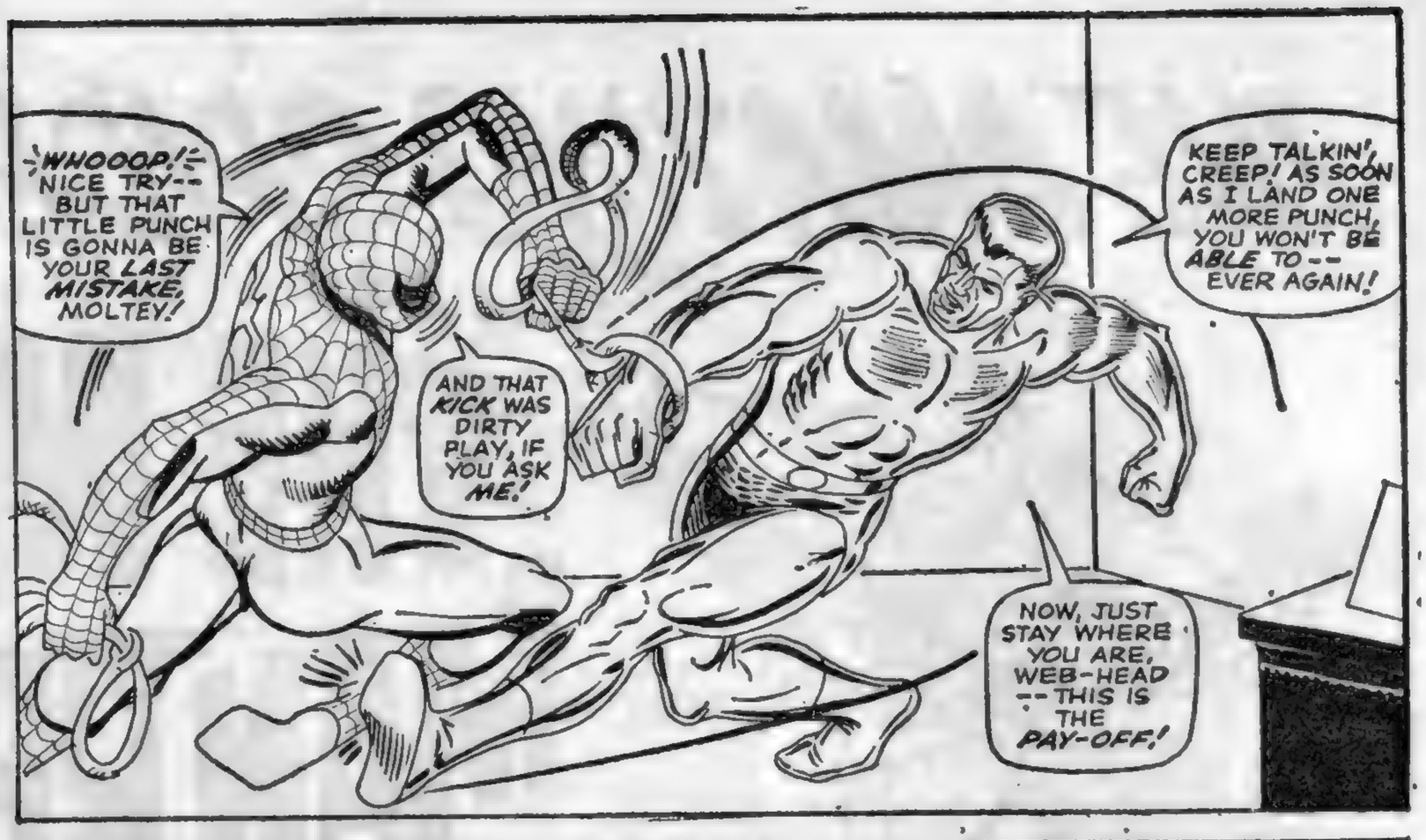
"IN THE MOLTEN MAN REGRETS!"

HERE WE ARE, TIGERS! — THE DAZZLING DÉNOUEMENT OF SPIDEY'S CURRENT DING-DONG WITH NO LESS THAN THE MOLTEN MAN! THEY ARE SLUGGING IT OUT, NOT TO PUT TOO FINE A POINT UPON IT, IN A BOUT OF BALEFUL BATTERING THAT SHOULD PROVIDE YOU WITH THRILLS AND TO SPARE, SITTING COMFORTABLY? THEN WE'LL BEGIN...



Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group 1966

OH NO, WISE GUY! I'M NOT GONNA BE AS EASY TO TRAP AS I WAS LAST TIME WE FOUGHT!
I'M A LOT SMARTER, AND STRONGER, AND TOUGHER THAN I USED TO BE!!
SURE! AND YOU PROBABLY HAVE 23% FEWER CAVITIES, TOO! SO WHAT?!!


WHOOOP! NICE TRY-- BUT THAT LITTLE PUNCH IS GONNA BE YOUR LAST MISTAKE, MOLTEY!
AND THAT KICK WAS DIRTY PLAY, IF YOU ASK ME!
KEEP TALKIN', CREEP! AS SOON AS I LAND ONE MORE PUNCH, YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO-- EVER AGAIN!
NOW, JUST STAY WHERE YOU ARE, WEB-HEAD -- THIS IS THE PAY-OFF!

YOU'RE SO RIGHT, BIG MOUTH--ESPECIALLY SINCE I'VE GOT BOTH YOUR HANDS NOW!
BAH! WHAT DOES THAT MEAN ??!

JUST KEEP HOLDING ON, YOU MASKED NITWIT! ONCE I SWING MY ARMS AROUND, YOU'RE GOING FOR A RIDE YOU'LL NEVER FORGET!

I EXPECTED THAT, HAMHEAD! BUT, I'VE GOT NEWS FOR YOU--
YOU'RE GOING, TOO--SO LONG AS I HOLD ONTO YOUR LITTLE GOLDEN FOOTSIE HERE!
UNHHHHH--!

AND NOW, FOR THE COUP DE GRACE!
WHEN YOU GET TO THE PRISON LIBRARY, YOU CAN BORROW A DICTIONARY AND LOOK THAT UP, LITTLE MAN!

ALL RIGHT--SO YOU'VE GOT ME HOG-TIED! SO WHAT? YOU CAN'T PROVE I WAS INVOLVED IN ANY ROBBERIES! IT'LL JUST BE YOUR WORD AGAINST MINE!
I'LL BE AS FREE AS THE BREEZE LATER ON--FREE TO PAY YOU BACK FOR THIS--IN SPADES!
BOY! ARE YOU ABOUT TO LEARN THE FACTS OF LIFE--!

MINUTES LATER, A SCENE WHICH OCCURRED A FEW MONTHS AGO IS REPEATED ANEW-- TO THE EXTREME DISCOMFITURE OF A MAN NAMED RAXTON...
LOOKS LIKE THIS IS GETTING TO BE A HABIT WITH YOU, FELLA!
GET ME OUT OF HERE! YOU'VE NOTHING ON ME!
ACCORDING TO THIS NOTE FROM SPIDER-MAN, IF WE HOLD YOU FOR A LITTLE WHILE, HE'LL BRING US PROOF THAT YOU WERE INVOLVED IN SOME ROBBERY ATTEMPTS!
WELL, I GUESS WE CAN STAND YOUR COMPANY FOR A WHILE, IF YOU'LL PUT UP WITH OURS!
GET HIM DOWN FROM THERE! WE'LL HOLD HIM ON SUSPICION OF ROBBERY FOR AS LONG AS WE CAN!

HOLD IT, NOW! EVEN THOUGH THE ACTION'S OVER, WE WANT YOU TO STICK AROUND FOR THE WRAP-UP! IT WON'T TAKE LONG...
FOR ONCE EVERYTHING WORKED OUT PERFECTLY! I HAD MY CAMERA ALL SET UP AND SNAPPED EVERYTHING I NEED!
WOW! I CAN HEAR RAXTON BELLOWING TO BEAT THE BAND FROM 'WAY OUT HERE!

YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME! I KNOW MY RIGHTS! YOU CAN'T KEEP ME HERE! I DIDN'T DO ANYTHING! I'M AS INNOCENT AS A NEW-BORN BABY!
WE'RE GLAD TO HEAR THAT, RAXTON! WANT US TO FETCH YOUR BOTTLE FOR YOU?
ANYWAY, IF YOU GO CHARGING OUT OF HERE, YOU'LL PROBABLY JUST GET TIED-UP BY SPIDER-MAN AGAIN! YOU'RE BETTER OFF WHERE YOU ARE!
YOU TELL 'IM, SARGE!

MY EARS WERE BURNING! SOMEONE MENTION MY NAME?
THESE PICTURES SHOULD GIVE YOU ALL THE EVIDENCE YOU NEED TO HOLD THE MOLTEN MAN UNTIL HE TARNISHES!
SPIDER-MAN! YOU KEPT YOUR WORD!
LET ME SEE WHAT'S IN THAT ENVELOPE! I DON'T BELIEVE IT!

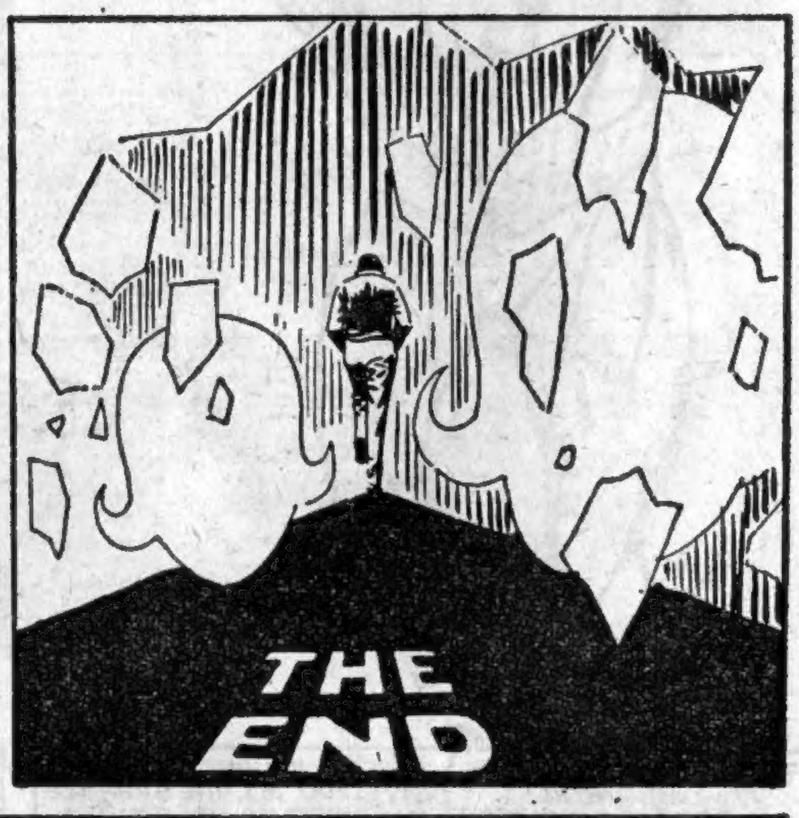
SURE, TAKE A LOOK! BELIEVE IT NOW, MISTER RAXTON?
SHOTS OF ME CHANGING DISGUISE-- BREAKING INTO THE SHOP-- EVERYTHING! H-HOW--??
BRING YOUR NOTEBOOK, LOU! WE'VE GOT A CONFESSION COMING UP!

BUT, ENOUGH OF SUCH SORDID GOINGS-ON! LET US NOW CHANGE OUR SCENE-- IT'S A SHORT TIME LATER-- AS WE VISIT THE DAILY BUGLE WITH A PENSIVE PETER PARKER...
IT SHOULDN'T BE HARD TO SELL MY REMAINING PHOTOS OF THE MOLTEN MAN TO JOLLY JONAH NOW!
FUNNY-- I'M SORT OF NERVOUS ABOUT FACING BETTY!!

HELLO, BETTY! IS J. J. IN HIS OFF-- WHA--? YOU'RE NOT BETTY!!
OH, YOU MUST BE PETER PARKER, THE YOUNG PHOTOGRAPHER I HEARD ABOUT!
YES, I GUESS THAT'S RIGHT! BUT-- WHERE'S BETTY? IS SHE ON HOLIDAY?

NO! SHE DOESN'T WORK HERE ANY MORE!
WHAT?!! SHE'S GONE??
BUT SHE LEFT SOMETHING WITH ME! I WAS ASKED TO GIVE IT TO YOU WHEN I SAW YOU....!

MY PHOTO! IS-- IS THIS ALL?
WHY, YES! I'M AFRAID SO--!



WINNERS OF MODEL CARS GALORE!

REMEMBER the great model car competitions we had in SMASH, POW and FANTASTIC a while back? Here are the names of the happy winners of the SMASH and POW competitions. Space doesn't allow us to give the names of the FANTASTIC winners, but rest assured all their prizes have been posted! Answers to the quiz first:—

WEEK 1: Fiat, (5) Lire; Peugeot, (2) Francs; Volvo, (4) Kronors; Jaguar, (7) Pounds; Mercedes Benz, (6) Marks.

WEEK 2: Rolls-Royce, (2) London; Alfa Romeo, (6) Rome; Chrysler, (8) Washington; Volkswagen, (1) Bonn.

All competitors who correctly answered the quiz were then judged on their last lines for our incomplete limerick—with ages being taken into account. The winners, who each wins a special gift pack of 12 scale models of world-famous cars from the Impy Super Car range of Lone Star Products, are:

SMASH winners

C. Ashwood, Waterford, Herts.; Keith Barber, South Ruislip, Middx.; Dale Barker, Potters Bar, Herts.; Nigel Burbridge, Bushey Heath, Herts.; Jeffrey Burgess, Southwark, London; Michael Broome, Blackpool, Lancs.; Ingrid Brown, Edenbridge, Kent; Michael Clarke, Hindlip, Worcester; Stephen Colins, Newport, Mon.; Carrick Dark, Bangor, N. Ireland; Charles Davies, Liverpool; Stephen Dimond, Hutton, Essex; Peter Dykstra, Winchmore Hill, London; Terry Gibbs, Aldeby, Suffolk; James Forber, Latchford, Lancs.; Jeffrey Hadwisk, Swinton, Lancs.; Tony Heath, Ipswich, Suffolk; P. E. Hill, Froggatt, Yorks.; Paul Hillsmith, Luton, Beds.; Alasdair McInnes, Glasgow, W.2.; Michael Jarvis, Harborne, Birmingham; Barry Kilner, Shoreham-by-Sea, Sussex, Gareth Lewis, Sandy, Beds.; Stephen Lias, Phillipstown, Mon.; Christopher Lockwood, Oswestry, Salop.; Gordon Macleay, Glasgow, S.2; Sean Malone, Dublin 10, Eire; John Molyneux, Harold Hill, Essex; Keith Needham, Hall Green, York; Martin Robson, Sheffield, Yorks.; Neil Spencer, Northowram, Yorks.; Christopher Taylor, Monkopton, Salop; Roland Wadden, Palmers Green, London; Graham Walker, Billingham, Co. Durham; Ian Warner, Cheshunt, Herts.; Michael Yates, Rayners Lane, Middx.

POW winners

Philip Badger, Knowsley, Lancs.; Victor Bearcroft, Newark, Notts.; John Bird, Hardingstone, Northampton; David Black, Hull, Yorks.; Peter Buxton, Sheffield, Yorks.; Robert Calderwood, Bournemouth, Hants.; Anthony Dunstan, Old Dalby, Leics.; Andrew Fenton, Martham, Norfolk; Judith Field, Seaton, Devon; Iain Fraser, Abingdon, Berks.; Martin Fraser, High Wycombe, Bucks.; Ina Gudgin, Rugby, Warks.; Stephen McGrady, Keyworth, Notts.; Robert Handley, Carlton, Nottingham; Alistair Henderson, Johnstone Castle, Renfrewshire; Robert Hesbrook, Tettenhall, Staffs.; Neil Hodkinson, Writtle, Essex; Christopher Holliday, Bulwell, Nottingham; Clive Hopkins, Gosport, Hants.; Stephen Horwood, Hatfield, Herts.; Martin Hull, Sidcup, Kent; Ina Jackson, Bristol; Eamon Keenan, Churchtown, Eire; Richard Langton, London N.6; Mark Mullings, Hemsby, Norfolk; Timothy Pearsall, Stourbridge, Worcs.; Christopher Peck, St. Albans, Herts.; Malcolm Rennie, Herne Hill, London; Richard Roberts, Newtown, Wales; S. Saunders, Prospect House, Ascot, Berks.; Russell Saunders, Langley Mill, Notts.; Gary Smith, Parkstone, Dorset; Philip Taylor, Hayes, Middx.; Andrew Woodsford, Penn, Staffs.; Elaine Williams, Windsor, Berks.; John Young, Sheffield, Yorks.

In addition the Runners-Up each receive a super Impy model Rolls-Royce Silver Cloud III. They are:—

SMASH Runners-Up

Colin Aitkenhead, East Kilbride, Glasgow; James Allan, Edinburgh 15; Ian Anthony, Harlow, Essex; Philip Aitkinson, Enfield, Middx.; Keith Bennetts, St. Budeaux, Devon; A. P. Bilton, Leyton, London; Michael Bloomfield, Manchester; Christopher Blunt, Woodford, Ches.; Nicholas Boyland, Gurnard, I.O. Wight; Stephen Brenchley, Shanklin, I.O. Wight; David Brightmore, Sheffield; Raymond Bowden, Armley, Yorks.; John Bowler, Old Burghclere, Berks.; Nicholas Campbell, Romiley, Ches.; Steven Carlisle, Radcliffe, Lancs.; Peter Clayton, Warsop, Notts.; Timothy Cleworth, Warrington, Lancs.; Stephen Charles, Stevenage, Herts.; Malcolm Cole, Holland-on-Sea, Essex; Gerard Connor, Bootle, Lancs.; Stewart Dally, Penketh, Lancs.; Christopher Davies, Brynmawr, Brecs.; P. R. N. Fowler, Eastbourne, Sussex; John Harrison, Selby, Yorks.; Christopher Harvey, Widnes, Lancs.; A. J. Hudgell, Hackney, London; Mark Jenkins, Shrewsbury, Salop; J. McKenzie, Knutsford, Cheshire; Mark Klima, Princes Risborough, Bucks.; James Knox, Cambusdoon, Ayr; David Knowles, Ealing, London; Paul Leach, Watford, Herts.; Stephen Marshall, Wednesfield, Staffs.; David Marsland, Ashton-under-Lyne, Lancs.; A. Metcalf, Brightlingsea, Essex; David Padwick, Andover, Hants.; John Langford, Bicester, Oxon; Christopher Robinson, Cleethorpes, Lincs.; Kevin Roirdan, Warwick; John Risbridger, Lowestoft, Suffolk; Edward Hampartsoumian, Muswell Hill, London; Roger Stanley, Kimberworth, Yorks.; John Stirland, Kirkby-in-Ashfield, Notts.; Mark Templer, Southsea, Hants.; Ruth Tucker, Poulton-le-Fylde, Lancs.; Martin Turner, Whiteway, Glos.; Trevor Warren, Colchester, Essex; Christopher Winter, Allerton-by-Water, Yorks.

POW Runners-Up

Billy Ames, Farnborough, Hants.; Stephen Burnhill, Llanelli, Carms.; Ina Cameron, Werrington, Northants; Keith Cartwright, Bromsgrove, Worcs.; Graham Collins, Chatham, Kent; Ben Dick, Ruislip, Middx.; Shephen Dimond, Hutton, Essex; Ina Donaldson, Hull, Yorks.; Timothy Draper, Surbiton, Surrey; Andrew Easey, Carlton Colville, Suffolk; Melvin Ellis; Ipswich, Suffolk; Andrew Fisk, Swanton, Morley, Norfolk; Michael Fowler, Felixstowe, Suffolk; Nigel Goldie, Edinburgh 13; Martin Greenway, Redhill, Surrey; John Hambridge, Portchester, Hants.; David Hannan, Hemsworth, Yorks.; D. G. Hobson, Macclesfield, Cheshire; Tony Hobson, Southway, Devon; Lina Hollis, Berkhamsted, Herts.; Lucy Hudson, Southcave, E. Yorks.; Gary Hunter, Stone, Staffs.; Milton Johanides, Clayhall, Essex; Graeme Jones, Liverpool 4; Finola Keegan, London, S.W.8; Ina Kilshaw, Liverpool 16; S. D. Langdon, Thatcham, Berks.; Christopher Lawrence, N. Cheam, Surrey; Peter Marshall, Chingford, London; David McCutcheon, Rawdon, Yorks.; M. Morris, Fulbourn, Cambs.; Martin O'Dowd, Basford, Nottingham; Neil Pritchard, Old Colwyn, Denbs.; Bryn Robinson, Darlington, Co. Durham; Mark Robinson, Scunthorpe, Lincs.; Duncan Round, Diss, Norfolk; Kevin Sawyer, Shirehampton, Bristol; Alan Sensier, Shirley, Hants.; Stephen Skentlebery, Bebington, Cheshire; Jonathan Smith, Leicester; Nigel Smith, Littlehampton, Sussex; Timothy Stanyon, Leicester; Michael Sturgeon, Wibsey, Yorks.; David Streffor, Hamilton, Lanarks.; Ina Tebby, Enfield, Middx.; Kim Topley, Porth, Glam.; Steven Walker, Witham, Essex; Terence Whitehead, Beckenham, Kent.

BAD PENNY

ONE PENNY 1968

COME ALONG, PENNY— GO AND HIDE IN A DUSTBIN, OR SOMETHING - WE DON'T WANT YOU SCARING ALL THE VISITORS AWAY FROM OUR TOWN!

BONK! BONK! BONK!

LATER ...

PEN'S DEN

I'LL SHOW THOSE TWERPS THEY CAN'T BASH MY BONCE ABOUT. C'MON, PETS!

PET WOOD PECKER.

PET WOOD WORMS.

IF I LOOK AFTER MY NICE, NEW COPPER-STICK IT WILL LAST ME FOR YEARS!

POLISH! POLISH!

A'EEE!

HEH! HEH! THIS ONE WON'T BONK PENNY ANY MORE!

GOOD OL' MICKEY!

CHOP! CHOP! CHOP!

ROUND THE CORNER...

IF PENNY GETS UP TO HER TRICKS TODAY, I'LL MAKE MINCEMEAT OF HER WITH THIS...

YEE-EEK!

DID SOMEONE SAY 'MINCEMEAT'? SLURP!

GOBBLE!

MUNCH!

BITE!

HEE! HEE! HEE!

GO ON, POLLY— DEAL WITH P.C. PRATT FOR ME!

WASSIS?

DON'T YOU KNOW IT'S RUDE TO POINT?

I'M ON POINT DUTY! TITTER!

HAR! HAR! HAR! STOPPIT! — HO! HO!

TICKLE!

GOT IT! WELL DONE, POLLY!

NOW IT'S WALLY-WOOD-PECKER'S TURN TO HELP ME!

I CAN HEAR HIM — BUT WH-WHERE IS HE?

PECK! — PECK! — PECK!

SOB! — P-PENNY'S GOIN' TO HATE ME FOR THIS! SOB!

SHUTTUP AN' GET ON WITH IT, OR I'LL RUN YOU IN!

PECK! PECK!

OKAY — YOU WIN! I DON'T WANT TO BE A JAILBIRD!

BULLSEYE!!

CRUMP!

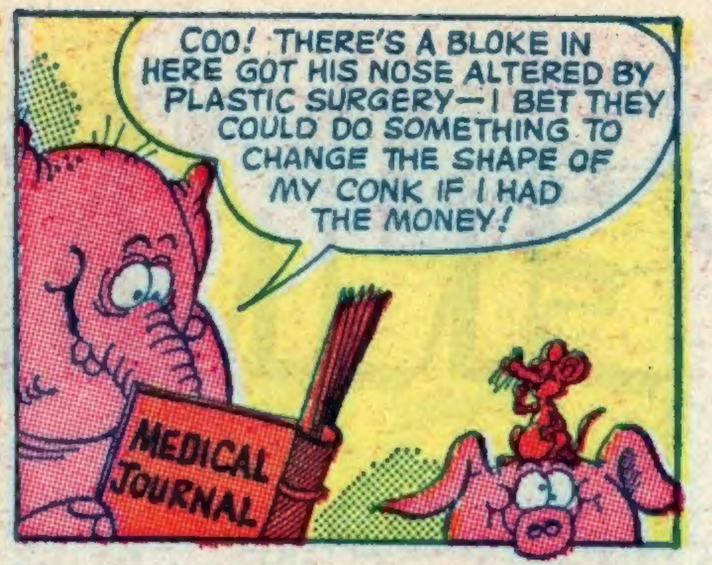
HAR! HAR! HAR!

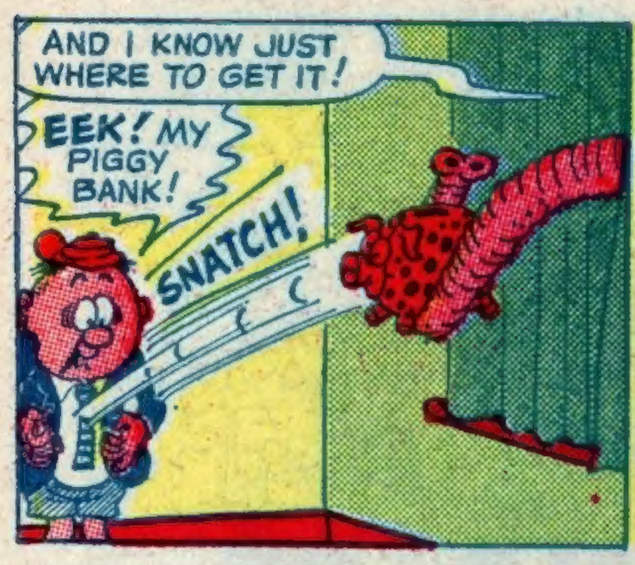
YEEEK!

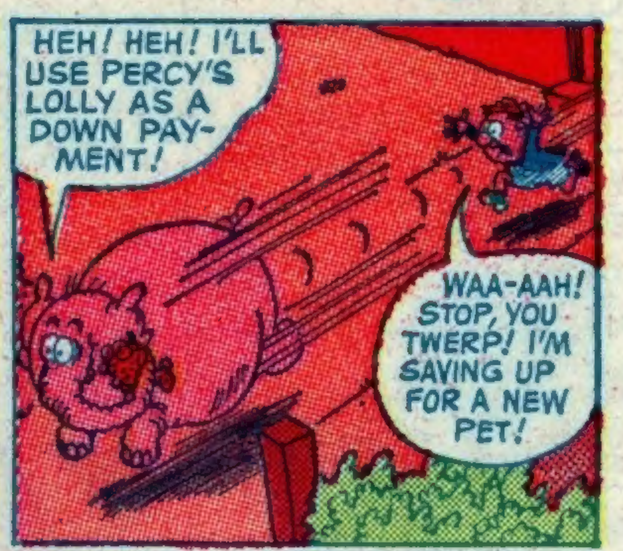
TRAITOR!! THAT HURT WORSE THAN ALL THEIR TRUNCHEONS TOGETHER!

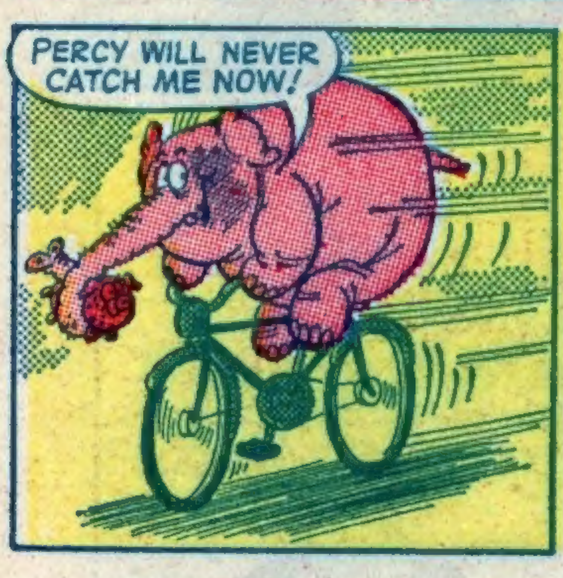
PLONK!

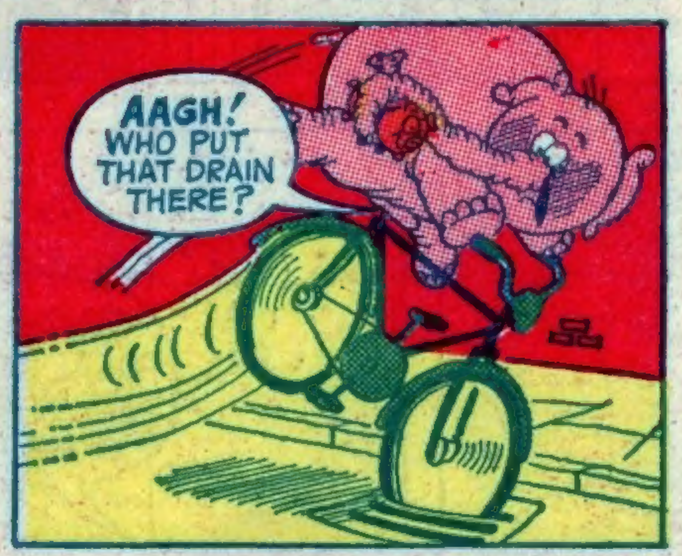
PERCY'S PETS

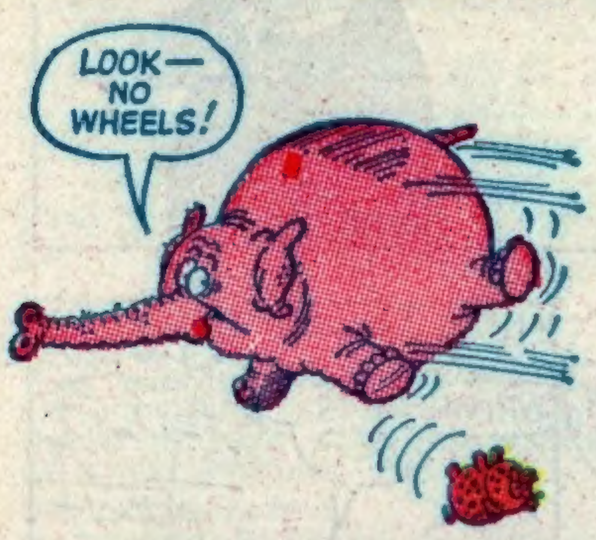


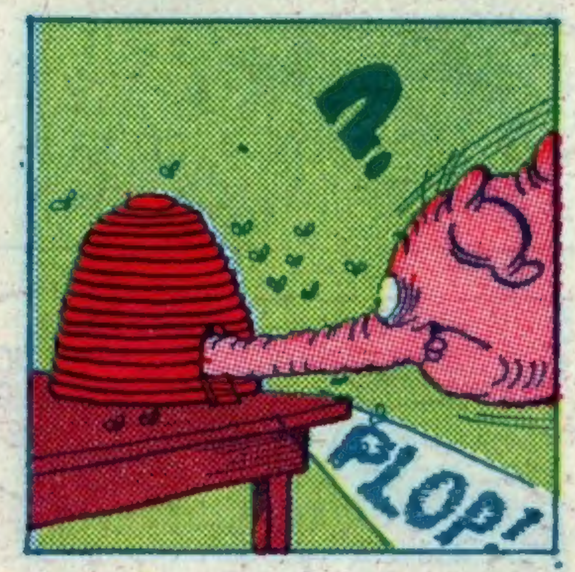


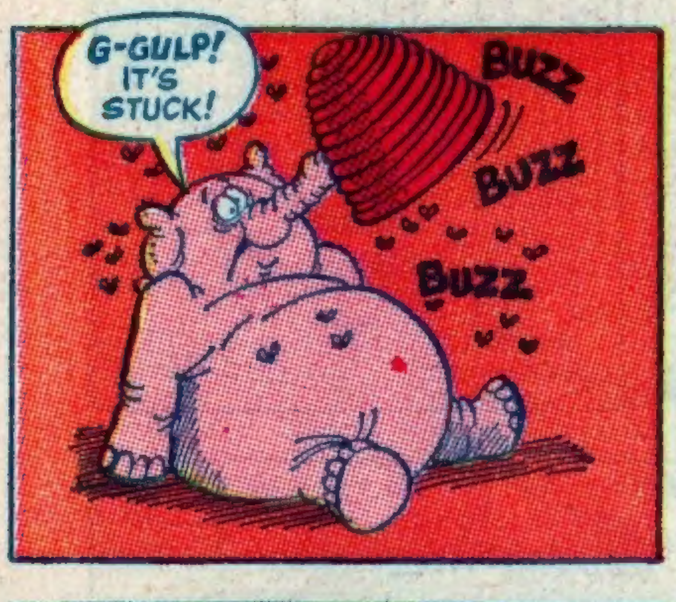


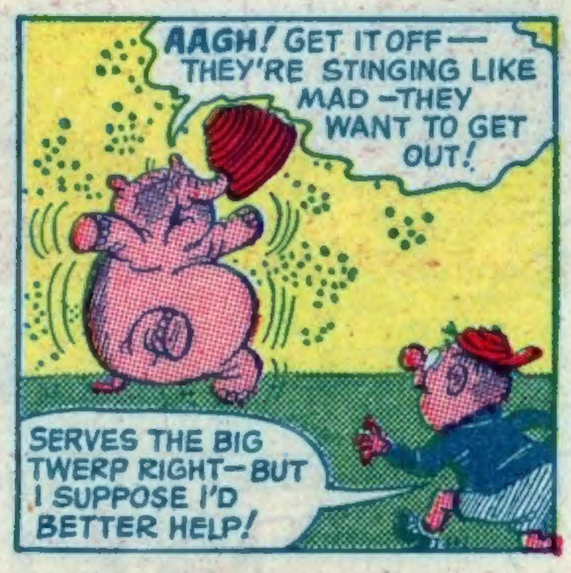


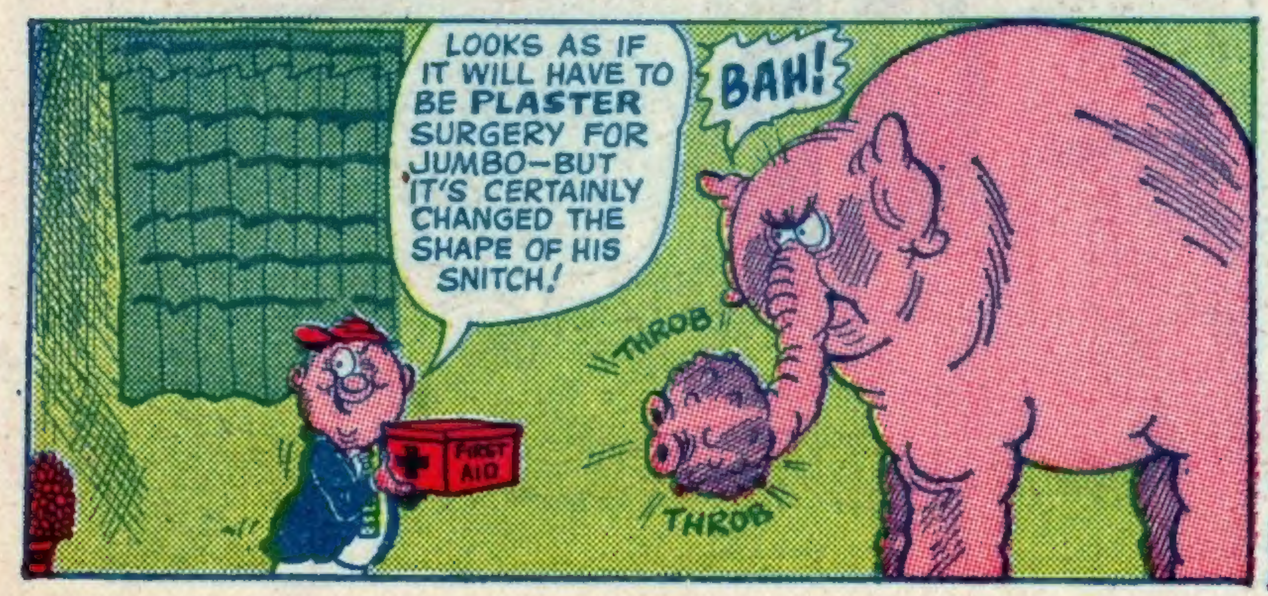




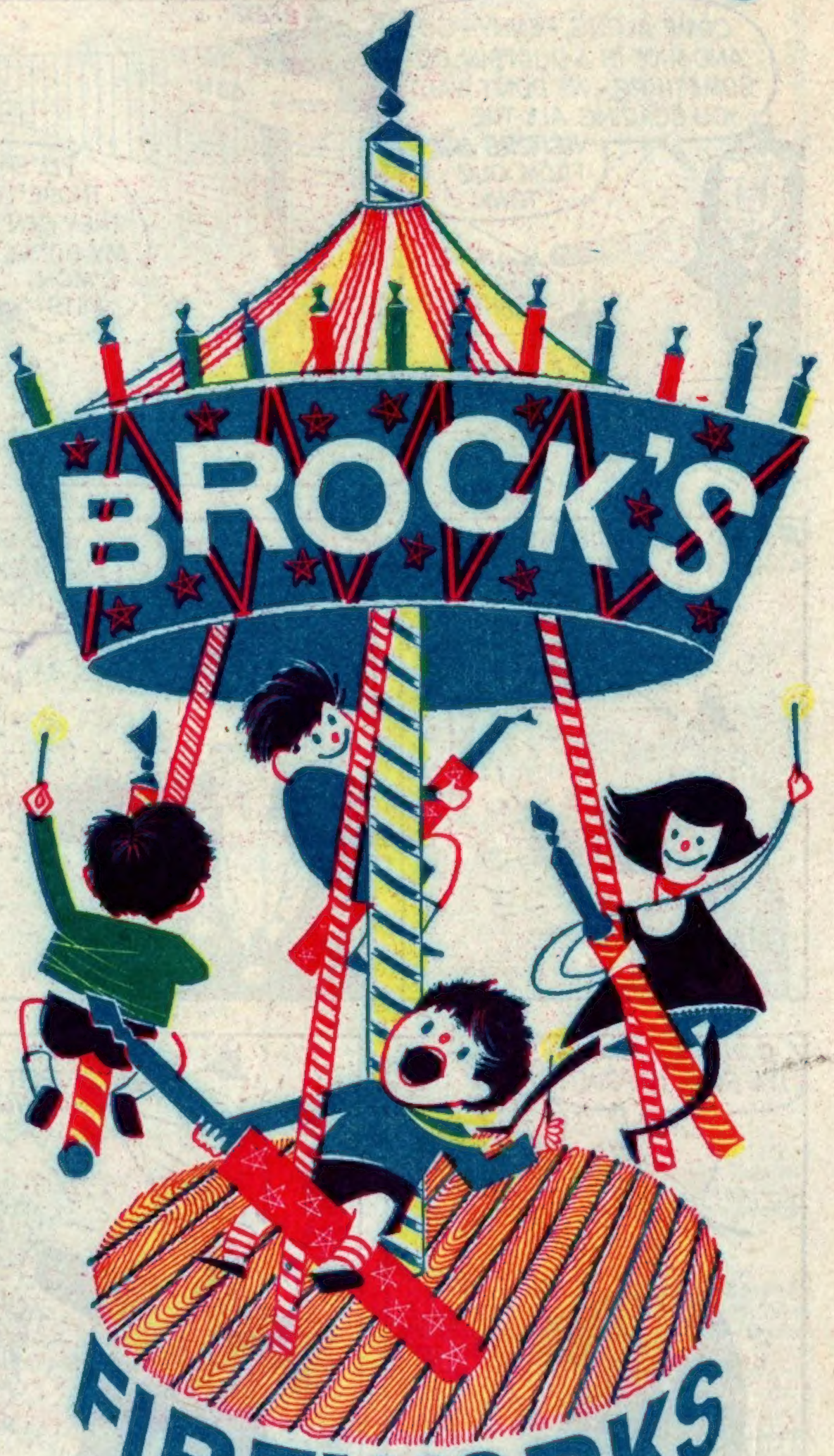








The brightest time of your life



round about November 5th

Remember Children,
There is no increase in
Purchase Tax on BROCK'S fireworks
for 1968!
Recommended prices as marked!